

THE SMUGGLER.

A POEM.

BY

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HAMILTON:

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PREFACE.

THE SMUGGLER was written without any intention of publication, and would, like other things similar with which I have been in the habit, from my boyhood up, of cheating time out of his weary moments, have, after I had tired myself with it by reading it two or three times, been consigned to the flames, had it not chanced that as I wrote parts of it, I read them to a couple of my companions, who persuaded me to publish it. I have no excuses to make; those who read must do so at their own risk. It was finished in less than four months after it was commenced, during which time I digested some two thousand pages of Mr. Chitty's "Practice of the Law;" and when that reading became too dry my mind followed where fancy led, I tracing those thoughts on scraps of paper, which, at the suggestion of my companions, I licked into their present shape, adding the prologue thereto, and which I would have published nearly a year ago, only that I did not possess the means.

HAMILTON, January 21st, 1852.

THE SMUGGLER.

PROLOGUE.

THE autumn, in Columbia's land,
Now sternly frowns ; on every hand
The breakers on the ocean rave,
While sea weeds on the shore they lave,
The echo their loud roaring mocks,
The moss clings firmly to the rocks ;
A snail crawls on the silent grave,
The snake is coiled up in his cave,
The howling winds sweep hoarsely by
And chase the clouds across the sky ;
The landscape shades are dull and drear,
The rustling leaves all brown and sear,
The tall trees bend and shake with force
Of Northern blast so sullen, hoarse
Their sawing limbs continued creak.
The vales are sad, the hills are bleak,
The hoar frost white lies thick upon
The barren fields; the birds are gone,
The moon in clouds oft hides her beams,
The stars peep out in fitful gleams,
The cattle close in stables lie,
The Weasel white the barn steals nigh,
The dor mouse in his tree nook dreams,
The owl breaks out in mournful screams,
The water glides in fallen streams,
The marsh grass brown winds shaking whirl,
As streams hair wild from crazy girl,
The dog close in his kennel sits,
The bat in barn incessant flits ;
No longer do the thunders roll,
The fox has dug his winter's hole,
The wild cat round the hen-roost prowls,
The brindled wolf with hunger howls,
All nature chill and barren scowls ;

The smuggler's cot is dreary too,
The blaze of fire is thin and blue,
The sparks arise and often fire
The soot, in spots that soon expire,
The coals that on the ashes white
Burn fiercely, are intensely bright,
The kitten licks its silky furs,
And closely in the corner purrs,
The shaggy dog, with nose close down,
Snores 'tween his paws, nor looks around,
The cricket peeps from 'neath the hearth
And saley chirps his nightly mirth,
The mice from corners often peep,
While shudders on the window creep :
No sound treads on the noiseless floor,
The windows shake, as creaks the door
Now trembling in the chilling blast,
So swiftly drove old Boreas past.

THE ADVENTURE.

In front the fire there stood a chair,
With oaken frame and massy arms,
That held a creature young and fair,
The beauty of whose budding charms
Seemed for procedeney to vie,
So that indeed you scarcely knew
If more you would admire her eye,
That now was mild, and almost blue
And clear as cloudless summer day,
But sparkled oft as pearly dew ;
And sometimes was all dark and grey,
Then piercingly would look you through,
As if to search your very mind
And know your thoughts if good or bad ;
Again would be all mild and kind,
Or cold, or stern, or calm, or sad ;
Those eyes that always puzzle one,
To well describe or tell the hue,
Whose changings quick are never done,
The dyes of which are ever new ;
That alter, as cameleon's do,
To ready suit the changing scene ;

That ever to their subject true,
Are dark or light, or dull or keen ;
O'er brows so shady and so black,
That they almost inspire with awe ;
They to a point ran arching back,
Such brows as artists love to draw,
They over-hung, like summer clouds,
The lashes long and thick and dark,
As when those clouds some lake enshroud,
That buoys the wildly tossing bark.
Her lashes dark as shades of night
But ill-concealed the lambent fire
Hid in her eyes, with thoughts all bright,
That seemed to breathe and then expire.
And, as the lily of the vale
With refreshing showers o'er fed,
Whose stalk a while will willing fail
And pliant bend its drooping head ;
Thus Nina gently forward bent,
And on one snowy hand reclined,
Gloom to her beauty grandeur lent,
Displayed her features, well defined.
As clustered grapes hang loosely down
Thus curling hung her flowing hair,
So thick and soft, and rich and brown,
Half hid her face, nor full nor spare ;
Her face was pale and mark'd with care,
But pure as streams that rushing flow,
Not fit for smiles, but fit for prayer;
Or if they came would quickly go,
Her lips were thin and well compressed
And oft would curl with cold disdain,
Such lips are not too often pressed,
But he that's kissed would kiss again ;
The grape that blushes in the bowl
Could never vie with lips like these,
They spoke the language of her soul,
Like whispers of the evening breeze,
When soft it lulls the ebbing day.
One hand part held her drooping head,
The other, that before her lay,
Well showing she was gently bred,
So taper white and long and small,
Was held now by a handsome youth,
Whose form was supple, strong and tall,

He, kneeling, seemed to beg her ruth ;
In his sad features you could trace
The ardor and the fire of youth,
While strongly figured on his face
Were open frankness, zeal and truth,
Although his face the sun had tanned,
And left his features harsh and stern,
While on his brow was stamped command,
Yet he could stoop as they that learn.
Black as tempest clouds silvered bright,
When tinged with the sun's ambient rays,
Or when the blackness of the night
Is brightened by the lightning's blaze,
Thus black his eyes poured forth their fire
And told the truth of what he said,
Thus eloquent, with fond desire,
He to his Nina earnest plead ;
"Stay, gentle Nina, hear my prayer,
And in your kindness drive me not
With chill contempt, in fell despair
To madness, and to curse my lot ;
Wild thoughts in frenzy on me rush,
As dashes down the maddened stream,
Ah, would you then my spirit crush,
And blast my hopes, that happy dream !
I cannot talk as courtiers do,
My mien is rough, and blunt my way,
My purpose fixed, my heart is true,
And I can love as well as they.
My voice, although not smooth and soft,
And like the cooings of the dove,
In stern command has spoken oft'
And hence is not attuned to love ;
But still my love is fond and fierce,
And binds me to my luckless fate,
So that denial would me pierce
As daggers keen, with deadly hate.
And think you not that I can love ?
Then bid me do some daring deed,
And I will quickly to you prove,
E'en if it were to death decreed,
That this fond heart beats wild with joy
To do your bidding down to death,
And gladsome as we foes destroy,

I'd spill my blood and spend my breath.
While but to know 'twas your command,
As nerves despair those doomed a prey
Towrenching racks, would nerve my hand
Your mandate gladly to obey."

As music on the water played
At night, when all is sunk to rest,
Thus softly spoke the grey eyed maid,
A sigh escaping from her breast.
And kindly, as the harmless dove
Who cheers with fond caress her mate,
She said : " 'Twas not your ardent love
I doubted, but capricious fate ;
For when long since my mother died,
And left me but an orphan's lot,
Although the world had long denied
Its favours to our humble cot,
This dreadful loss to me was sad.
When called she blessings on her child,
Of poverty I thought no more :
While I, in agony so wild,
Forgot that I had lived apart
From her so long, and in the grief
And sickness of my bleeding heart,
I wished, I longed, for death's relief ;
Of home, of kindred, friends bereft,
Misfortunes heavy on me fell —
My native land I careless left,
No friend to guide ; no words can tell
The feelings of my troubled breast
As Scotland's land I left, to roam :
In cold oblivion let them rest.—
America gave me a home,
Your mother's kindness here supplied
My many wants ; like sister kind
Was Laura, learning by my side,
As thus I taught her gentle mind
I soon forgot the bitter loss,
While kindness chased the gloom away,
And though your father oft was cross,
Kind Laura calmed his sullen way.
My father, when I scarce could tell

His name, or his kind care could prize,
Brave fighting in dread warfare fell,
And in old France he buried lies.
His pension still to us was left
A pittance for support but scant ;
Of this we too were soon bereft
By rogues, and left in pinching want.
My mother, who when young, received
An education such as few
Of that age had, our wants relieved
By teaching school, and gave me too
An education, all that I
Have ever had—but never taught
Submission's lesson—or to try
To others please—perhaps she ought.
I might have made a happy wife,
But I am cold and stubborn too,
And fond of power, rule and strife ;
As thus in youth I wayward grew,
I never checked the passions' sway,
But let them rule my youthful mind,
To them so oft I've given way,
That now I never feel inclined
To check their sway, nor to endure
Control of others. Cola, hear !
I am in doubt if I could cure
Their maladies, that now are sere
And well confirmed by lengthened use.
When passions are allowed their course,
They as the torrent once let loose,
Are not restrained by common force.
Dear Cola, you are good and kind,
And should I not your love respect
I would display an evil mind,—
Ingratitude. But well reflect,
Before you plunge in this abyss
Which your whole happiness may mar ;
You're stern, I wayward and remiss,
I fear our passions strong would jar.
Indeed, you have a generous mind,
But I, that always had my will,
Mig't now, I fear, ill brook control,
Perhaps could not my passions still,
And which becomes a virtuous wife,
As well as being ever true,

I love you, Cola, as my life,
No one shall have my love but you ;
And dreary drags the lagging day,
Whenever Cola's forced to go
And from his loving Nina stay,
Then time, that once was swift, is slow ;
And oft, when dark and gloomy night
Black shades of dread on earth has cast,
This throbbing heart beats wild with fright
For fear by chance the howling blast—
The raving sea—should wreck your boat ;
And when with weariness I sleep,
I see in dreams your form afloat
Borne by the tempest on the deep ;
Then I implore with earnest prayer,
That you your safe escape may make ;
But when you sink, in wild despair
I from my frightful dreams awake !
My forehead's wet with chilling dew
That stands as cold as icy spray,
And thinking fondly still of you
I sleepless lie till break of day.
But when I hear you safe from storms
Return, with tread to me well known,
My leaping heart within me warms,
And happiness is then my own.
Your mother, with faint hollow voice,
Strict charged me at her death-bed side,
Denied to me my only choice,
Spoke then a last farewell and died.
I, Cola, never shall forget
Her only and her last command ;
While yet my swimming eyes were wet,
And while I pressed her cold damp hand,
I made to her a sacred vow.
If I was wrong, if I was right—
Consider, Cola, should I now
Break it, made thus in heaven's sight ?
Go, Cola, go, then ask me not
For more just now; I pledge my love,
Nor is your kindness past forgot ;
And may kind providence above
Direct in mercy what to do.
When time the course has pointed out

That each unerring should pursue,
We may determine then the doubt.”
“I, Nina, go, at your command.”
The tears stood in his trembling eyes,
He warmly kissed her taper hand,
And each one drank the other’s sighs.
She stooping, kissed his manly brow
And said—“ My love is but for you ;”
Sweetly softly, “go, Cola, now.”
He slowly rising then withdrew.
A moment sat—a moment sighed,
She silent from her seat arose,
Her flowing tears then calmly dried,
As if to seek in sleep repose,
Departing for her bed-room, where
Mild Laura lowly bowed her head,
And silent breathed her evening prayer ;
And then she rising, mildly said—
“ I fear the storm their boat will harm ;
Dear Nina, shudders on me creep.”
Then drawing round her Nina’s arm,
She lying, pouting, went to sleep.
Scarce sleep that night closed Nina’s eyes,
And oft in terror she would start
While frightful forms before her rise,
And wildly beats her throbbing heart.
The one was like the matchless gem,
That priceless in the crown is seen,
The other like a diadem
Worn by some proud and haughty queen.
Fair Laura, in complexion light,
Was kind and mild as summer day ;
The other dark as gloomy night,
And proud as haughty Moslem Bey.
When Cola left with saddened heart,
The parting scene, he darker grew,
And stopping short, would fitful start,
As if he knew not what to do ;
And then again would thinking stay,
Unsettled still ; when loud and gruff,
“ Come, Cola, time don’t fool away ;
Here, boy, you’ve waited long enough ! ”
Rung hoarsely through the mid-night air.
Then Cola hastened to the spot ;

Old Leonard said—" No time to spare,
I think you in your dream forgot
Our business, boy, the winds are high ;
Where were you, man, say, Cola, say ! "
But Cola still made no reply,
Nor deigned to turn his head that way,
The chilling winds went whistling by,
And loudly roared with steady flow,
They chased the clouds across the sky,
Like fleecy, moving banks of snow,
Or playful flocks of rambling sheep
That follow in each other's train,
Or bounding waves upon the deep,
Fierce driven on the foaming main ;
The Moon the clouds at times peeped through,
And on the sullen landscape smiled,
Again the clouds their curtain drew,
And left the scene all drear and wild ;
The Smugglers with the sullen scene
And chilling winds seemed half imbued ;
For Cola dark with gloomy spleen
Let drop his head in thoughtful mood,
As if for ought he little cared,
And slowly walked by Baldwin's side ;
While Leonard, too, the silence shared
In sulky way : at length he tried
To rouse dark Cola from his gloom,
And finding fault with Baldwin, said,
" He might as well have stayed at home,—
But that he, too, must earn his bread
And learn the revenue to spoil ;
But, then, to sail he seemed afraid,
Or else too lazy for the toil,
He's girlish as a dairy maid."
" But, father, he I think is wise,
If we at home to night had stayed,
Although we should have lost our prize,
Perhaps we more than this had made,
Since we would have our conscience clear.
I hate at night to sneaking prowls
About, as if held down by fear,
Like hungry wolves that cringing howl,
Nor dare approach the guarded sheep,
But coward-like they sneaking stay
Until the shepherd's sunk in sleep,

In darkness then they seize their prey
I love the bold and open day—
I hate the darkness of the night—
I hate the coward's secret fray—
I love straight-forward open fight.
When Cola ceased no more was said,
As Leonard quickened then his pace
The gloomy way he silent led,
Until they reached the secret place,
In which their laden boat lay moored,
Then jumping in, with buoyant hope
Old Leonard loosed (long since inured
To scenes like this,) the mooring rope,
He Baldwin bid jump in the boat,
While Cola raised the fretting sail ;
As now she briskly ran afloat,
And trembled in the driving gale,
She onward sped with bounding haste,
When Cola anxious looking aft,
Across the wild extended waste
Espied a swift pursuing craft.
“ The King's pursuers make us out,
We'll have to take another tack,
To make them lose their forward sail,
By keeping close along the shore,
In front the wind ; I think they'll fail,
This time, to seize our smuggled store ,
The Devil's Bay is close at hand,
We'll try our chance, at any risk,
I swear we both now seem to stand.”
The midnight wind blew fresh and brisk,
And still the scizer's chase was hot,
They sternly bid the Smugglers stop
Their even race, a whizzing shot
Their sail let loosely hanging drop ;
The main-sail rope was cut in two,
When Cola sprung and caught the ends,
Then fiercely them together drew ;
Again the gale then swiftly sends
The Smuggler bounding on her course,
As Cola held the severed rope
With almost superhuman force,
The others still pursued, in hope
That they might chasing overtake

The Smuggler's boat, they dash away,
And striving do their best to make
With careful watch the closing bay.
As racer round the curving course
Where in suspense dense crowds await,
Bears rider anxious for the purse,
Thus through the narrow boiling strait
Their boat the Smugglers swiftly bore,
And they unflinching plough their way,
On either side the breakers roar,
And rises white the misty spray,
Like rising dust on beaten track
Beneath the mettled courser's tread,
Or smoke, at first held smothered back,
Thick rising from its cloudy bed ;
Or night frost falling thick and bright ;
The jaggy rocks the waves with wrath
All wildly tear, the breakers white
Send forth in shoals the thick'ning froth,
Like flocks of gulls the air that sail,
That whirling in the eddy meet,
All covered with the moonbeams pale,
As wraps the corse the winding sheet.
So dreadful was the threatening place,
So swiftly dashed the sweeping tide,
So narrow was the raging space,
That had she turned the least aside
The rocks projecting from the sea
Had staved their boat, as whirlwinds stave ;
But now she floated proud and free,
As swan upon the ocean wave.
Old Leonard's eye now coolly glanced
Upon the rocks so lately passed,
When if but slight mishap had chanced
That daring deed had been his last ;
While Cola dropped the ragged sail,
And as if nothing he had done,
Then calmly said, " their hearts will fail
To dare the dangers of the run."
" My boy, your task was nobly done"
The father said with accent hoarse ,
" The danger they will surely shun,
But, look ! they still pursue our course.
How swift the wind their cutter drives,

She skims the sea like water gull ;
They run a chance to lose their lives,
And leave their boat a shivered hull.
But if they'd cease their hopeless chase,
For them perhaps 'twould be as well,
For should they win their daring race,
We soon will send their souls to hell."

As eagle pouncing from the height
His talons hurls into his prey,
As falcon wings his quiv'ring flight
To bear the trembling dove away ;
Thus swiftly she pursued her way
Impetuous, making for the strait,
And now approached the silent bay
Wherein suspense the Smugglers wait,
Well knowing that their smuggled store
Was prize well worth the seizers' while,
Then sitting, Leonard said once more
With glistning eye, and bitter smile,
" The fools are hardy thus to stake
Their lives at hazards, while in vain
For others they rich prizes take,
And for themselves they nothing gain.
Look ! now they change their course, I fear
Our lading they will dearly win ;
Just see ! how swiftly now they near
The bay, they come !—by G—d they're in."
He sat with sad and fierce grimace,
As knotted vipers writhe and twist,
Thus writhed his hardy wrinkled face,
He clenched his iron muscled fist ;
The cutter sails along the tide
While in the wind the loose sails float,
She hauls up by the smuggler's side,
Her men jump in the smugglers boat,
And bidding them a mild good night,
As if to shew good natured cheer.
Old Leonard answered " you were right,
I'm sure you both are welcome here."
" We only want a friendly share—
The whole of your hard night-earned spoil,
I hope no wrong, you seem so fair,
A welcome will make light our toil
And dangers, that we underwent,

In paying you our visit late.”
Then turning round he forward bent,
When Leonard, fierce with deadly hate,
Quick threw him headlong from the deck ;
A pistol drawing from his clothes,
He shot the other through the neck.
A wild and piercing shriek arose
From ‘neath the bow, where Baldwin lay
All trembling, frightened, pallid, lone,
And rising slowly died away
Into a low and piteous moan ;
As bloody fell the wounded man,
He faintly breathed a bubbling groan ;
A shudder over Cola ran,
His face was pale, his knees were weak
And trembling, as he routhful viewed
The scene, he seemed about to speak ;
The dying man in blood imbruad
Had dropped in death his drooping head,
The other from the water rose,
When Leonard quickly struck him dead
With fiercely dealt repeated blows,
And slowly sinking from the boat
Into the darkly rolling waves,
His hair was on the sea afloat,
And Baldwin trembling madly raves ;
“ What fools we were to careless bring
That raving boy,” said Leonard grim,
“ My old rule is, dead birds don’t sing,
We’ll have to take good care of him.”
The wretched boy crouched down dismayed,
The moon-beams o’er his features fair,
As if to soothe him, calmly played,
His richly curling golden hair
Thick floated in the midnight blast,
And terrified in wild despair
His starting eyes he upward cast,
And soft as love he breathied a prayer,—
“ Oh don’t shoot, father, don’t shoot me,
The kindly rolling waves are nigh,
Then drown me in the friendly séa,
And yet, oh, don’t, I fear to die.”
Old Leonard stepped as if to kill
The youth, or pitch him in the flood ;

"Old man, beware, and stand you still,"
Said Cola firmly, "or your blood,
Shall for your wicked deeds atone,
No more your hands in crimes employ,
But leave the trembling youth alone."

He jumping stood beside the boy ;
"Why, Cola,—man—your courage fails,
This seems for you so strange and new,
The motto old—dead men no tales
Can tell—you'll always find is true."

"Old man, consider what you've done,
Nor reckless wish more blood to spill,
Nor thus affright your quaking son,
But curb that cruel stubborn will."

Old Leonard said "we'll sink their boat,
But first we'll lash his body fast,
For fear his corpse should rising float,
And thence our work come out at last.
We'll take the seizers boat ashore
And fill it well with stones, and when
We've cleared from ours the clotted gore,
No one may be the wiser then.

But Baldwin, though with fright half crazed,
More thoughtful than the other two,
As he his head then fearful raised,
Said "that for one would only do ;
The other, when he had been dead
Some time might rise, and might be found,
And if you had not staved his head,
Perhaps they'd think that he was drowned."

Said Leonard—"Yes, I quite forgot
In all the haste the other one ;
True, now I wish that I had not
His carcase spoiled, but that is done,
We'll only have to watch the bay
And when he rises, then take care
That others don't take him away,
Or else the law might not us spare.
My neck I still would safely keep
From rope of hangman, curse my heat !
We'll bury this one in the deep
And use his clothes as winding sheet."

They sailed the cutter to the beach
And left their boat with Baldwin lone :

In sullen gloomy silence each
Works hard to load the craft with stone ;
And silent then returned from shore
To where the smuggler anchored lay,
They soon arrived, and then once more
Old Leonard spoke, " Come, clear away
The blood, don't stand, man, shiv'ring there,
His lifeless carcase I will bind
Fast to the cutter, Bald take care
To make no noise, and Cola mind,
See that no trace of blood is left
To tell the tale, I'll fix the rest ;"
Then with uplifted axe he cleft
The mast in two, and stooping pressed
The body underneath the mast,
One end of which beneath the bow
He shoved, the other he made fast
With ropes, then said, " Come, Cola, now
We'd better leave without delay
The cutter, quickly raise the sail,
Make haste there boy, lest we should fail
To clear the cutter's side : " The breeze
Blew fresh, soon they the cutter cleared,
She slowly sunk then by degrees
And plunging down she disappeared.
This done they sailed their boat to land,
In order there their goods to save,
They then unloaded on the strand
And hid them in a rocky cave ;
Then slowly silent made their way
For home, till Leonard spoke once more,
As pensively they left the bay,
And talked of scenes that passed before.
" When I was young and feeling too
I careless spent my fleeting days,
Then man's deceit to me was new,
I hated not their loathsome ways ;
I once was feeling, as I said,
I followed then the same mean call,
As followed now the sleeping dead,
Who would have seized our smuggled all ;
'Twas on a drear December night,
And such a night ! methinks I see
The scene—the elements in fright—

The bloody sight—that left on me
The thought, that I had been the cause
Of death, without a cause ; although
He boldly broke the tyrant's laws,
He never injured me, and so
I had no right his goods to seize,
No right to bid him unpaid leave
His hard earned spoil, and but to please
The King, and who would freely draw
The blood in torrents from our veins,
And would as freely starve us too,
Then call us fools for all our pains,
And laugh to think the vulgar crew
Were duped, I seized the smuggler's store,
He brave opposed, why should he not ?
We fought, I left him on the shore—
The scene is past but not forgot—
His blood flowed freely in the fray,
I only reck that him I shot,
He lived that night but died next day.
That was to me a cause of grief,
But passed as fleeting shooting pains,
This deed is but a kind relief,—
A kindred soul paid to his manes.
Why, Cola, look so gloomy down,
You'll soon forget when once you've learned
To think of blood, and how a crown
Is worn by kings, and by them earned ;
Kings make their way through seas of gore,
And crimes, deceit, and vengeful hate ;
To them their crimes are honour's store,
To us the felon's dying fate.
The pious priest with holy zeal
The sinner's heart for death prepares,
And thinking only of his weal,
He offers up his saintly prayers.
When men grow callous in their sin,
And break the God of priestcraft's law,
In order then their souls to win
And kindly them to heaven draw,
They use the rack, and ply the wheel,
(What I in other climes once saw
Why even now methinks I feel,)
The mangling hooks, the martyrs' pile,

The warrior's sword and murderer's steel,
And meekly win from God a smile.
Then as they torture wrench and rack
The victim of their pious care,
And as they scourge his bleeding back,
They woud not even mercy spare
To save a wayward fallen son,
They tell him then of all they feel,
The Saviour's love—but ah ! he's done
Such deeds as e'en heaven would seal
Against their prayers with fervor great
Meek offered up at heaven's shrine.
They glut the luxury of hate,
And death and blood and love combine.
They smooth their faces calm and meek,
'Neath which the passions hidden sleep—
Destructive pile—like adder sleek
All coiled into a venom'd heap :
More wicked, deadly, hateful, far,—
More fruitful still in scenes of blood—
Than all the horrid scenes of war ;
Their deeds of gore are ocean's flood,
Compared with which the tyrants will,
The hero's flow, the warrior's mead,
Is but the ripple of the rill :
They their revenge insatiate feed
On groans of nations, at their nod
Their blood must flow as rivers do,
And chastened by the grace of God,
The plain with mangled dead they strew.
Then like our foot-prints in the sand,
Which, breeze that first may chance along
Will sweep all trace of from the strand,
Thus quick will pass, or as a song
The thoughts of what to-night has passed."
No more was said, they made their way
For home, and which they reached, as fast
Approached with light the dawning day.

THE RELEASE.

When sin committed many times
Has steeled the softness of the heart,
When man debased by bloody crimes
At thought of which he once would start,
When spring of youth has passed away—
Its hopes, its joys, its fond desires ; ~
When thoughts are dull, the head is grey,
And youth the blood no longer fires,
Nor glowing passion fiercely burns,
But smothers in its deadly rage
Appearance—then man caution learns,
Made cunning by experienced age
To use successfully deceit,
And thence forbear expressions warm,
While foul revenge and caution meet,
And meeting cool the raging storm ;
Then conscience hardened does not fear
Opinion's shade, a smile, a sneer
Quick follow in each others turn.
Long since had Leonard passed the time,
When hate and fear showed on his face,
And hardened by repeated crime,
The wildest passions gave their place
To settled hate and inward spleen
That now lay sleeping in his breast,
As hidden daggers whetted keen
Long in their rusty scabbards rest ;
That breast where wild and fierce desire
Once like the lightning went and came,
That now lay hid like smothered fire,
Nor even rose to burning flame.
Old Leonard heard with careless mein
That John and James that night were lost,
And when they asked if he had seen
Them, answered “Yes ! he saw them tossed
Upon the sea the stormy night
When they were out in quest of prey,
And 'twas all chance his boat so s'ight,
Had, in the danger, made the bay.”
Suspicion though was not asleep,
But soon it whispering spread the doubt,
That they were lost not in the deep,

But murdered, should the truth come out.
Nor was he from that doubt exempt,
But still he treated with a sneer
Their cutting hints, with cold contempt ;
But Cola hardened less, for fear
The murder might some time be known,
(Not that he valued life as dear,) Had since the deed more silent grown ;
As in his breast the warring strife—
The principles of good and ill—
Alternate ruled his anxious life
And part subdued his stubborn will,
Opposing in each others turn,
On one hand horror at the act,
Again his breast would wildly burn
With love for Nina, whom in fact
He loved to madness, while he thought
Of foul disgrace brought on his name
By father's sin ; although he ought
Then to have disregarded shame.
Sometimes he thought of what was done—
The dreadful crime—the fell disgrace—
And Nina's sight he then would shun.
Again these thoughts to love gave place ;
And as the clouds will disappear
When shines the sun with clearing beam,
That face that had been sad would cheer
At happy thoughts of her esteem.
With swift desires how could he cope,
How could he meet her loving eyes,
How could he dash aside all hope,
Regardless of her love, her sighs,
Nor heedless of his honour's stain,
Although the deed would often rise—
A cloud of bitter thoughts—in vain
Of her as wife he would decide
To think no more, he saw again
Her lovely form, her heart replied
To his, each loved, why should they not
Join in their love, he'd done no crime,—
While Nina had long since forgot
Her scruples, her fond heart was won.
Why should their union lag behind,
Their way seemed clear as cloudless sun,

Their hearts were round each other twined,
Like pliant vines that winding run,
Adhering with their circling shoots,
Each one around its partner's stalk,
Each to the others folds well suits,
They cling embracing to the rock.
When youthful hearts thus fondly cling,
No doubt nor fear their love can stay ;
Regardless of the blighting sting
Of conscience, he let passion sway.
They wedded were—unhappy hour—
Yet happy in their evil lots,
For love has the controlling power
Of making sweet the bitterest thoughts.
But Cola now from home oft strayed,
And in the stillness of the night,
Would walk alone, as if afraid
Of friends, or of his father's sight,
Was troubled by some haunting dread—
A weight of sin—a sense of shame,—
The thought that blood was on his head,
Like some foul demon o'er him came.
One eve he pensive troubled strayed
And stood all lonely on a hill,
As light of day began to fade—
Below him crept the rushy rill,
While sunk the sun slow in the west,
And night her shades again resumed,
Conflicting thoughts disturbed his breast,
And thus he with himself communed :
“ Ye shades that draw your curtain round
Departing light ! how soft thou art,
Ye gloomy scenes—and every sound
That breathes ! why do ye chill my heart ?
I loved you once,—ah ! cruel word !
That love, her virtue haunts me still !
And yet tis sweet as song of bird
So mellow from yon distant hill.
Thou beautiful majestic sun,
That roll'st thy self far, far away—
Thou emblem of our life begun
In innocence,—thou ebbing day,
I loved to gaze upon thy wane,
Admire thy beauties,—softest blush,

Thy folded clouds, thy melting rays,
That melt in gloom, as does the flush
Of fever slowly fade in death,
So calm and mild, and soft and bland,
I've loved to drink the fragrant breath
Of evening, once I loved to stand,
And contemplate, and think that man
Was noble, great, and good, and wise,
The highest in the Maker's plan,
Above the brute, as are the skies
Above the earth. Ah, yes, these eyes
Have loved to view the noble span
Of the deep vaulted heavens rise,
Still spreading upwards, like a fan,
And streaking thus the azure blue,
Then looking soft, as now thou dost,
From mildest blush to deepest hue,
But, ah, I loved thy fading most,
Thy dark, thy dusky, gloomy, shades,
The stars thus peeping out the sky,
As light now slowly, calmly fades ;
And all the galaxy on high,
Close studded with spangling stars.
I've dreamed of honour, and of worth,
But now I'm mangled with the scars
Of conscience, that have marred my birth.
Remembrance of the happy past,
Returning to my weary soul,
As echoes sweeter, fainter cast
Each time their sound with muffled roll
Upon the rocks to which they cling,
As silence bends its listening head,
But now the sound is all unstrung,
And every note that rolled is fled,
So e'en think I of scenes when young,
But every thought with fainter tread
Stamps on my mind its passing shade,
Ah, woe is me, to live and be
With curses bitter pangs repaid,
Like wrecks returning on the sea.
And why is this, 'tis just because
I acted but the part I feigned,
Although I broke my country's laws,
My hands with blood were never stained,

If wrong, or right, I do not know,
I am the same as I was made.
Was I not right? I thought me so,
My father bade, I but obeyed.
Why did I live, ah cruel fate!
And yet 'tis well, where are the just?
Who are the honoured and the great?
They are the very foulest rust,—
The filth of earth—the meanest dross
Of rottenness—the dirt—refuse
Of meanness; they would be no loss
If dead, to those that duped, them use
To dupe themselves—their favoured trust—
They honour them as if a God,
Because they raised them from the dust,
And cringing kiss the golden rod.
There gurgling flows the sluggish rill
Beneath my feet among the weeds
Of which, so torpid, sluggish, still,
Each reptile fish there hungry feeds
Upon his friend, more weak than he,
And as the heat unfolds to life
The insects in their revelry,
With appetites so fiercely rife,
(Destruction's sink) there swift the pike
Devours the chub, the insect he,
And man, foul man, thus glutton like,
On all life feeds, in man we see,
Like the mirror of this water,
Nought but blood; mean, base, foul, each drop
Death and envy, wanton slaughter;
The scum thick rises to the top,
Fit type of all the great that rise
To vanity and honoured trust,
Nay, men but deem those only wise,
Whose eager souls debased by lust
Of power, learn thus to assume
Appearances they never feel.
And must it withering be my doom,
To smooth my face and basely steel
My conscience, and within me keep
That which my heart continuous gnaws,—
A vulture—incubus of sleep
Unknown, my best blood from me draws,

And saps my youth, leaves me no rest,
For when I sleep, I feel as though
Some dreadful weight pressed on my breast,
Oh, wretched fate ! must this be so.
Unless I break through every tie
That binds me to this worthless earth,
Affection, love, all all deny
Forget my friends, my kindred, birth,
Betray my father, old and grey,
That me sustained, and took my part
Must dash these feelings all away
That cling so fondly to my heart,
Revolting, loathsome to the mind.
No, no, of it I'll think no more
But to my crushing fate resigned
I'll live, as I have lived before ;
Not as I lived in times now past
When innocence in me was whole,
Before the blight of crime had cast
Its fatal darkness o'er my soul.
He stood and thought, he thought of her
He loved, of her he thought he'd wronged,
Apart from her no joys there were
For him, and how his spirit longed
To keep from her the secret fell,
That preyed upon his spirit sore ;
Oh wretched man ! it had been well
If thou hadst thought of this before.
He stood nor saw, he heard no sound,
But wrapped in thought deep as despair,
Instinctively he turned around ;
His wife stood anxious looking there ;
Each stood, each looked, nor said a word,
That look was fond affection's burst,
The language of the heart unheard
But felt, then Nina spoke the first :
“ Why, Cola, thus all lonely stray,
Why look so sad ? say, Cola, dear ?
While nature, glad as bursting May
Is full of beauties, smiles and cheer,
Your Nina fain your walk would share,
Would have you happy, gladsome now,
Would share your troubles, every care ; ”
A tear looked out from 'neath her brow ,

'Twas but one tear, it soon was gone,
Then smiles lit up her thoughtful face,
That sorrow slept he might not con,
But sorrow in her breast had place ;
Her keen quick eye had pierc'd his soul,
Had seen that he, though proud as scorn,
Yet like the sea's tempestuous roll
Was wildly tossed, when smiles were worn ;
And while for him she keenly felt,
Her heart for him so freely bled,
That blows for him, to her were dealt ;
Then pointing to the sky she said,
" See ! how the moon now crowns the world
Of smiling stars, that swim on high,
And like a peaceful flag unfurled,
The milky way across the sky
Pours out its pure white fleece of light ;
There making all look calm and fair,
And as the big moon woos the night,
All, all, is cheer and gladness there.
Why, e'en our earth the joy partakes,
The tender grass smiles in the dew,
The thirsty blade its dryness slakes,
Like early love, so fresh and new,"
" My Nina, 'tis a passing shade
That comes upon my spirit's rest,
Sometimes I think I've ill repaid
Thy kindness, when I see, oppressed,
With care my Nina, who finds out
My evening walk ; her anxious care
I painful feel, why, lovely fair,
Come out at night ? the moistening dew
Is falling fast, the air is chill,
These rambles are not good for you,
My love, you look so pale and ill,
You shiver too, your dress is light,
We must not here now longer stand,
For fear the dampness of the night
May give you cold." He took her hand
And gently drew it through his arm ;
She answered, looking in his face
So bland, " My Cola, I am warm."
They walk for home with hasting pace.

While Cola thus by conscience stung
Now passed so gloomily his time,
Poor Baldwin, once so glad, so young,
So innocent, in boyhood's prime,
Was in a cellar close confined,
His youthful flush had disappeared,
He pale had grown, his gladsome mind
Sunk in despair, no longer cheered,
As if borne down by fell disease,
As sickly plant left in the shade,
Not warmed by sun, nor fanned by breeze,
So he thus cruelly confined,
Half crazy in his wretched cell
Unpitied there, unheard, lone pined,
By hardened father doomed to dwell.
Unnatural thought, that father should,
Regardless of all nature's ties,
Regardless of that kindred blood
That vile men oft do not despise
Impale his son, for fear that he
Should peach, forget a father's care
A son deprive of liberty,
And treat him worse than he could bear.
One affection powerful still,
Securely dwelling in his soul,
Subdued the rancour of his will,
And had its way without control ;
Like some lone plant, or only well
Safe in a wretched desert wild,
As single as the hermits' cell,
And that one was, he loved his child.
When fiercest passions waged their war,
When sullen sunk in deepest gloom,
Then Laura, like some kindly star,
As young and gay as spring in bloom,
Would boldly near her father draw ;
Then as the sun drives mists away,
Or frozen snows before him thaw,
Or darkness breaks at dawning day,
Thus she would calm his rage so raw.
For she was ever kind and mild
As peaceful innocence, displayed,
In happy days of playful child,
And yet she often would upbraid

Her father's spleen, and then would throw
Her arms around his neck, and say :
“ Now, father now you sha'nt look so ; ”
Her mien would chase his gloom away.
That Baldwin in a cell was kept
In Nina's mind a doubt had raised,
And Laura often too now wept
That he was thus confined when crazed,
That he no longer joined her walk,
Her boating, fishing, pleasure shared ;
No longer cheered her by his talk,
No longer for her gladly dared
The lofty tree to fearless climb,
Nor joined her merry evening song,
Nor scaled the mountain, fleet as time,
When pleasure leads in dancing throng,
With heart as light as tunes then played,
To bring her moss ; her days were long,
While lonely now she reckless strayed,
Her gardens, boat, neglected were,
No longer wreaths of flowers she made,
Nor with them bound her golden hair ;
But oft would walk down by the sea,
And musing sit upon the shore,
Or muse beneath a shady tree
Upon the hill, where once before
She with her brother flowers twined,
But seldom smiled, and wondered why
They Baldwin hid, sometimes would find
Her father out, and then would try
To him persuade that she might see
Her brother, or that he again
Might from his cell once more be free.
Her father smiled, 'twas all in vain,
He still refused the kind request,
He loved her, to refuse was hard,
And still would urge 'twas for the best
That he offreedom was debarred,
As thus he sooner would be sane,
Than if allowed with her to roam,
But soon he would be well again,
And then he should be left at home.
But Nina doubted, as we said,
She thought it wrong that Baldwin should

Be thus confined. One morning led
By sympathy, alone she stood ;
The rising sun in glory now
Adorned the sky, and softly fell
With golden beams in burnished glow
Upon the mellow blushing north,
That melted, lighter, clearer, slow—
She listened, when he thus broke forth :
“ And I too once was glad and free,
As birds that hop from bough to bough
Upon yon tall and stately tree,
Where soft they sing their descant now ;
There making melody so sweet,
Where cool the wind all gently waves
The branches free, that kindly greet
Each other with the trunk, that braves
The breath of morn, that healthy blows,
While falls the ever fragrant dew ;
In freedom there it sturdy grows,
And life is young and glad and new.
The squirrel skips in happy glee,
And racing tastes the morning air ;
That too is shut out now from me,
How cruel then my life to spare.
For once I healthy, comely grew,
For Laura often told me so,
But where is Laura, Laura too ?
She could not shun me, never, no,
Nor me forget, 'tis not her choice
That she from me should stay so long ;
I never hear her merry voice,
That used to ring in gladsome song.
My mother often used to praise,
In boyhood's days, my slender form,
Then those were happy sunny days,
But now their sunshine's turned to storm.
And when she used with watchful care
To sooth me, tired with play at ball,
She then would smooth my curling hair,
And call me handsome, fair and tall.
But death has swept that mother off
This wretched world into the grave ;
I now remember well the cough
That brought her death, left me a slave.

And there, too, is the dark blue sea,
Where once I winged my boat along,
Ah, I was happy then and free
As joyful Laura's boating song,
Or sound of waves upon the shore,
Or waves themselves, that wildly roll ;
And shall this sinking frame no more,
That prisons now my longing soul,
As does this dark, this gloomy wall
My feeble form in youth so stiff,
That once was strong but now is pall,
Send bounding o'er the waves my skiff '
No more it cause the oar to sweep
The boat, in time to Laura's tune,
Upon the glass of yon blue deep.
Alas ! those days swept by how soon ;
Yes ! then these limbs were firm and strong,
And vigorous as life, and then
They swiftly bore this form along,
As does the ship the sailor, when
His sails are set for nearing home.
Elate with hope—at thought of friends—
Elate with life, I loved to roam
And breath the breath that morning sends
Mild whispering o'er the dewy vale,
And listen to its mellow sound ;
But ah ! this frame begins to fail ; ”
His eyes sunk pensive on the ground,
And then he looked into the glass,
And added then : “ these dusky walls
Let not the breath of heaven pass,
While every sound that passing falls
Sends in this charnel house a knell
To warn me to a grave—my bed—
As does the slowly tolling bell
With echo dull, the sleeping dead.
While each day finds my cheek more wan,
No day is in this loathsome hole,
Light stagnates here when night is gone,
As does the water in the pool,
Which in some sunk and filthy place
No passing zephyrs blandly cool,
Nor stir the scum ; how pale my face,
This mirror tells, my longing soul

Looks out this aching head, to plumb
From earth its fast approaching flight,
Whose thoughts are echoes of the tomb,
And where, as soul east wind, they blight
My bloom, that once so healthy blushed ;
But now I'm haggard worn and sad,
My body sunk, my spirit crushed,
No wonder then that I am mad.
Whose fault that I am mad and here,
Not mine ; for I unwilling saw :
Would that I had not seen ; I fear
That bloody sight will ever gnaw
My conscience seathed, as does the worm
Upon the plant in secret feed,
As droops and wastes the tender germ,
My strength will waste, my heart will bleed.
My father and my brother—friend,—
How could ye murder James and John,
How them to death relentless send,
Their spirit haunts when life is gone.
Oh Wretch ! ”—but Nina heard no more,
Then fainted on her lips “ my God ! ”
As listlessly she caught the door,
Her heart from them withdrew the blood,
Her lustrous eyes were chill glazed o'er,
She like a marble statute stood,
Pale as the snowy image cold,
Nor chang'd, nor turn'd, nor saw nor breath'd
Her thoughts now lay in darkness rolled,
Her shady brows like ivy wreathed
Her pallid death-like brow, and gave
With gloom her slightly drooping head,
A contour fitting for the grave ;
Her face expressive of the dead.
No throb disturbed her aching breast,
Her dusky eyelids then embraced,
A moment life was sunk to rest,
And then again it ebbing traced
That pallid face with rosy hue ;
The spell that bound convulsive broke,
’Twas but a moment that she knew
Its force, when as from death she woke.
No more she heard, for all was hushed,
The boy had ceased and quiet lay

Upon his bed, with spirit crushed
She from the place then shrank away.
Yes crushed but not to quailing feel
More than the warrior in the field
Who thrust by foes vindictive steel,
Low bleeds, he dies, but does not yield.
Unheedingly she gloomy thought,
She went, but soon made up her mind,
And now in silence Cola sought,
To know the worst, to fate resigned ;
Determined still his life to share,
If plunged in crime, 'twas all the same,
And firmly taunts of conscience bear,
For such was love in her. He came,
He slow approached, and gloom was there
As thoughtfully he trod the shore,
His dark broad brow was sunk in care,
As conscience bled at every pore.
The beauty of the freshened morn
But added to his heart's dread chill,
And like a wound just freshly torn,
With sick'ning sense it chased him still.
The passing breeze that whispered by
But told him of his shame—his sin—
He saw her not ; she lingered nigh,
Her feelings smothered firm within,
And ready now with dread prepare
Advanced to him, the truth to know ;
As in her heart there lingered prayer,
In spite of efforts to forego,
A sigh escaped, no feature stirred,
Firm to her purpose then she said :
“ Oh, Cola, Cola, I have heard ;
Oh, say it is not so ! ” with dread
She silent looked ; and such a look,
So full of love and anxious pain,
As touched his heart, and near had shook
Her purpose fixed, she said again :
“ This morn I stood by Baldwin’s cell
Poor boy ! and there I heard, I fear
That which I must, I dare not tell.
Its echo still rings in my ear,
As through some gloomy dungeon hall ;
I love you still, will still adhere

'Twas murder, Cola, tell me all.
The pause was short, his fevered brain
As pinioned bird from cage let go,
That flutters nor can fly again,
But whirling hurries to and fro,
Disordered by non-use of wing ;
Thus hurried on from thought to thought,
With hope that truth might peace still bring,
Or, what more ardently he sought,
To tell what would cause her to deem
Him innocent, this like a light
At distance fixed, with fitsful gleam,
In hope broke on his soul's black night ;
He cast one searching loving glance
On her, but confidence was there ;
Lest waiting thus might still enhance
The weight of overbearing care,
He answered, calm as those who freed
From hope of life confess the truth,
" It was my father did the deed,
He would have murdered that poor youth,
Of whom just now you spoke, as well,
I did not help, I saw I own,
The reason now I need not tell
That I of late have gloomy grown.
They us pursued, we made the bay,
In hopes that there they would not dare
To follow us, vain thought, for they
Pursued us still, and caught us there.
My father one threw in the sea,
The other he as coolly shot,
So quick, there was no time for me
To hinder ; how I wish my lot
With theirs had then and there been cast ;
Though I am blunt, my heart's not stone,
And oh, if you had heard the last—
The faint, the chill, the dying groan"—
(He shuddered) " seen the mortal wound—
You then would pity, I atone,
While now the sight of blood and sound
Of murder tingling in my ear
With vision haunts me in my sleep,
These horrors clad in boding fear
Like snakes uncoiling round me creep.

But still I'm glad the truth you know,
One half th' oppressive weight is gone." "
A smile beamed on her face, as though
The night its gloom had sudden drawn ;
Or as the tree bursts forth in bloom,
Or when the sun looks o'er the lawn
In flowers clad, and pearled with dew,
When winter burst her bonds of frost,
And spring with life her gloom breaks through.
So as the sea, all tempest toss,
Is laboring racked with loaded waves,
And harmony wild discord drowns,
But after calm, the water laves
With sweet and soft melodious sound
The resting sand upon the shore ;
Thus soft he spoke, he saw the smile,
The storm convulsive now was o'er,
His spirit calmed,—“ Ah, Nina ! while
I did not know what you would think
Of me, (black chaos that) I felt
As though I stood upon the brink
Of some vast precipice, where yawned
Destruction in the dark below,
No ray of light upon me dawned,
I feared to stand, I feared to go ;
But now your looks have cheered my heart,
That trusting confidential look
Has beamed upon my soul, I start
Again on life's rough sea, to brook
With cheer its storms and tempests' rage.
How oft I've thought of Baldwin's doom,
Who wastes like wild bird in his cage,
Whose buoyant mind, as waves that plume
Themselves erect upon the shore,
But as they pour upon the strand
And reach their swell, they burst all o'er
And soon are licked up by the sand,
Or thrown back on themselves again,
And swallowed by the ocean soon ;
So vigour has in him its bane,
And chases him used to freedom's boon,
And saps his strength like bleeding leech,
Licks up his spirit thus oppressed,
More greedy than the soaking beach.

His father fears to let him go,
 Lest he should peach, he lives in dread,
 More dread than death ; " but then I know
 If he but promised (when 'twas said)
 To keep the sequel of their fate
 Securely locked up in his breast,
 While if his cell would still await,
 Where he has felt guilt's bitter zest,
 No one from him the truth would wrench,
 When to his mind that cell recurred,
 He from the dungeon's gulf would blench ;
 Besides, I never heard a word
 From him but truth, I've seen him where
 He might have saved himself the scourge,
 Refuse to lie, the truth declare.
 In vain kind Laura used to urge,
 It was no harm—to say 'twas she,
 He still would tremble as he spoke,
 And own the truth, nor would be free,
 If it should cost his promise broke."
 " Oh yes ! persuade your father stern,
 Tell him no danger lurks to slay,
 And soft persuasion use to turn
 His harsh resolve, perhaps he may
 By parent's pity still be swayed.
 For pity, like the evening breeze
 That soft and mild in midnight shade
 Inclines to bend the stubborn trees ;
 Or in the meadow parched, the blades
 Of grass, all scorched in summer sun
 To stoop, and drink the fragrant dew,
 So may it soften now that one,
 Who harsh to some, is mild to you."
 " No, pity long from him has fled,
 His callous heart no more will melt,
 As well might you persuade the dead,
 As talk to him that never felt
 Her kind controul ; compassion's tear
 Has never traced his hardened cheek,
 If aught controuls it must be fear.
 He shall be free ; but while I speak
 Time wings its flight, he mourns his fate,
 And sinks beneath a father's frown,
 Oppression still insatiate

Like wasting fever bears him down :
I'll go." Then hurried was his tread
Impulsive as tornado's swoop,
As sleeps volcano in its bed
To burst with force, or crouching stoop
Of lion gives him nerve and strength
To throw himself upon his prey ;
So from restraint thus freed, at length
Impulsive he made haste away.
They met, the father and the son,
The aspect of dark Cola's eyes
Was like the leaping torrent's run,
Or like the light that o'er the skies
From darkness bursts : old Leonard's glance
Was cold and steady, fixed and stern,
As when the dimmed sun looks askance,
Half hid in mists, o'er autumn's fern,
That clothes the fields in sullen brown.
Then spoke the youth, "The truth is known
By Nina, then why keep him down
Beneath the earth, the boy has grown
So feebly dull, that life will scorn
And shun ere long his loathsome den,
Nor he be kept to longer mourn
Thy crimes, he shall be free again.
And is it not enough that you
Have sinned ; must he be punished there
For deeds of yours, you never knew
His promise broke, while fell despair
Has crazed his brain—destroys his mind—
Then from your purpose now relent ;
The hardest wretch sometimes is kind."
"Stay, Cola, hold, my mind is bent
To save ourselves, not as you say
To punish him, he must be kept.
He shall be free—this very day,
My spirit's firmness long has slept,
And justice too. Consider first
That you may hang, as well as I."
"I've done," said Cola, "come the worst,
Nor care although the day were nigh."
The cell he sought ; the wasted boy
Lay silent on his darksome bed :
Here hope that buoys had helped destroy.

He heard the step, and turned his head
In expectation that his meal
Was come once more to life prolong,
For him to hear had been to feel
A father's cruel care ; not long
He feared, but shuddered as he heard
The door grate on its hinge, he shrank
A father's look, but Cola's word
Now on his hearing softly sunk,
As cascades in the desert fall
Upon the dying traveller's ears,
Which life and vigour soon recall,
And nerves his tread, his spirit cheers,
He faintly smiled, 'twas like the light
Of taper dying slowly, faint,
Or like the moonbeams of the night
That gloom and calm with pallor paint.
So unexpected was the sight,
That first it seemed some pleasant dream.
His wasted form and sickly smile
Made Cola look aghast, a gleam
Of hope played on his face a while,
Then from his bed he swiftly sprung,
And clasped his brother to his breast
Convulsive, fondly to him clung,
" You're kind," a sob subdued the rest,
His lips still moved, but now no sound
Disturbed his peace, and Cola too
With arms about his brother wound
In silence stood, it pierced him through,—
That ghastly face—that sallow eye—
That hollow voice, so plaintive bland ;
That fond embrace, and mournful sigh
The smothered spark of love had fanned,
While conscience smote, his features stern
Relaxed, as pity burst with tears
The firm restraint, the soft return
Of nature's feelings then appears ;
First Cola spoke, " I come to make
You free, one favor still I ask
That, Baldwin, will you undertake
To keep the secret, though a task
Not easy done, yet it must be ;
Of murder then you will not speak,

Say no, and you shall now be free,
No longer shall a father wreak
His spleen on you, he shall be kind,
Or seem to be, no whip shall pain
Your tender flesh, nor cords shall bind
You on the cruel bench again ;
Then promise, I will see that you
Are kindly used." He said no more.
As Baldwin paused, a glance he threw
Upon the bed, where just before
He lay; a moment thought, and said
"I promise, Cola, and will keep
My promise; let us go, I dread
This grave." Ascending then the steep
Close stairway, where they oft had left,
In former times, their smuggled store;
A trap door closed the outer cleft,
Which Cola shut, to close no more
On smuggled goods; the orb of day
High in the cloudless heavens swam,
And ushered on his liquid way,
While nature though awake was calm,
And bursting Spring unfettered sprung
From Winter's bonds. Now on the field
Her mantle throws, of flowers young,
That from their blows sweet fragrance yield.
Then Baldwin revelled in the scene,
So glad, so bright, so gay, so new,
And gamboled buoyant o'er the green,
But soon there Nina came, he flew
To clasp her to his breast once more,
The tears they shed were tears of joy,
The smiles that wreathed their faces o'er,
That lighted up the wasted boy,
Were like fleet drops before the sun
In rainbow's crest, when storms assault
That vanish ere its length is run
Across the blue horizon's vault;
It was too much, the faint boy sunk
Exhausted on the ground; his brain
Too deep had sweets of pleasure drank
Which like the luscious fruits we eat,
At first are pleasant to the taste,
But soon they cloy us with their sweet,
Our taste destroy, our vigor waste.

THE STORM.

In melting light the burning sun
With fervent heat all brightly blazed,
And half his daily course had run,
Nor scarce a whispering sound was raised,
Except the murmur of the rill,
And even that was scarcely heard,
As down it trickled from the hill,
Nor yet the ever noisy bird,
Now warbled forth his joyous song,
High perched upon the sturdy tree,
And all the beasts the earth that throng
Were quiet as the placid sea,
When naught disturbs the silent deep,
All hushed to peacefulness and rest,
As infant soothed in tranquil sleep
When pillow'd on its mother's breast,
Not even did the summer's breeze
Refresh the air with cooling breath,
Or foliage stir upon the trees,
All, all was still and calm as death.
The busy squirrel wild and free,
Lay silent in his leafy shade,
And now the ever working bee
Flew to her home with honey made.
The sun poured down with beams so hot,
The hunter tired gave o'er the chase,
And now his toil is all forgot
Beneath the shade in sleep's embrace.
His manly form was plainly clad
In russet garb, that loosely hung,
His face was rather gay than sad,
And healthy blushed his features young,
The steep on which so calm he slept
High overlooked the quiet sea,
And not a trembling ripple crept
Along its surface, smooth and free,
That pictured deep the heaven's dome,
As Sol glared on the dazzling brine,
The sailor's grave—his hardy home—
So quiet and calm and hyaline,
Mild looking on the deep blue sky,
Life's swiftest winged epitome,

Where men oft boast and fight and die,
The mirror of eternity.
All, all was still and calm as peace,
Or when foul men o'er murder brood,
With hidden hate the passions cease,
In vengeance coiled, or interlude
Of racking fits—the boding ease—
The pulse scarce beats, the nerves unstrung,
The body's faint, the features mild,
But soon by pain and tortures wrung
The face distorted working wild
Is frenzy all, the limbs perspire
With oozing sweat, tha presses through,
The pulse beat high with liquid fire,
To disoord tuned the muscles too.
A shudder creeps along the sea,
The tiny waves now hiss along
Each other. Sol in fervency
Fierce darts his glance upon the throng,
As undulated quivering plain
Of nodding grass, waked in gladness
And sparkling as the laugh of pain
When hysterical in madness.
And then the winds pushed up a cloud,
As sceptre rising from the dead,
Clad in a ghastly silvery shroud
Sends from the night its grisly head ;
Another, then another still,
Roll from horizon's Western chasm,
And peeping o'er each other's head
As in convulsive madness, spasm
Throws expressions that ere their tread
Is stamped upon the face, are lost
Or fungus tribe in rotten bed
Are piled ; or sea that tempest tossed
Piles up in heaps the bloated dead.
Now darkness o'er the gloomy West
Hung up its dusky mantle grim,
And black as ravens glossy breast,
But not so bright, but dull and dim ;
Or as some foggy moon-light night.
In front the North all frightful gleamed,
Was madly wild, as frenzied fright,
As lower down the lightning streamed—

A vivid flashing fitful blaze,—
And sent in streaks its forked fire
Across the darkened Western haze,
While in the burning North, and higher,
And midway, 'twas a burnished glow ;
Then growing duller, it ascended
From bright and streaming fires below,
Cloudily, until it ended
With fainting blush in distant South,
Where muffled Sol shone on its shade ;
Terrific North was like the mouth
Of some huge furnace with fires made ;
Whose fervid base would be the earth,
The bottom where the heat intense
Burns fiercely in its waking birth,
And rising fervidly from thence,
With flashing light fierce gleaming white,
The blaze of furnace higher grows,
Still on less piercing dazzling bright,
But yet the flame all redly glows,
Until it ends in clouds of smoke ;
Thus in the North sublimely grand
The lightnings blazed, then fiercely broke
Away, the burnished clouds expand
Towards the East in dusky grey.
Low in the West they smoky fall
As when the bier is borne away
And covered with the funeral pall ;
Then all at once light died away
The sky became all black and livid
As settled hate, in maddened play
Streaked the forked light'ning vivid ;
Then all was silence, black as death,
All nature seemed to wrathful sleep,
And anxious paused to catch her breath,
Then from the frowning darkness deep,
The lightning bursting hazy sprung,
From East to West, from North to South,
As spiteful adder's venom'd tongue
Darts poison from his yawning mouth.
The thunder breaking wildly crashed,
The hill seemed from its base to rock,
As if a world had crumbled smashed
Convulsive in an earthquake's shock—

Then roared, and bellowing rumbled ;
As in a chasm, a falling stone,
Then in fainter echoes grumbled,
Then growled a long convulsive groan :
Again the earth in silence wrapt
Was quiet, now approached the rain,
The milky streaks quite slowly crept
Adown the muddy sky, as plain
As when the Northern lights at night
Run up and down the streaky sky
Diversified, here dark, there light,
And as great flocks of birds that fly
Across the globe with whizzing wings,
Resounds the rain upon the sea,
As it descending hissing sings ;
Or rustling leaves all loose and free
Hoarse rattle on the faded trees,
In autumn drear when all is chill,
And shaken by the brushing breeze,
As low it moans along the hill.
First muddy dark, then lighter grew
The sheets of rain, approaching still ;
They looked as death-bed curtains do,
Part drawn aside by black clad priest.
And now the clouds all wildly flew,
And settled in the curdled east,
Again it quickly darker grew,
And looked as frothed fermented yeast.
The wind rolled east a curling flood
Of clouds, that down below the cliff
Appeared as milky curdled blood ;
Then higher up they looked as if
They were on fire ; the thunder roared
And then a sudden passing gust
The falling rain then fitful poured,
And raised all round the arid dust.
The hunter sprang upon his feet,
A moment listened to the sound ;
The rain drops on him fiercely beat,
Then he astonished looked around,
Across the cloudy firmament,
And then down on the hissing bay ;
The winds across the waters sent
A rolling cloud of misty spray,

But hold ! there drifts a little boat
In which alone a female sits,
That tossing wildly rides afloat,
Until a swell it sidewise hits,
And overturns it in the deep,
As he exclaims, she's lost ! no hope !
The shudders coldly on him creep,
But still the girl clung to a rope.
As when the hunter strings his bow,
And sends his quiv'ring dart in flight,
Or as the rapid glancing flow
Of shadows swift as eagle's flight,
Or as the anxious warrior's steed,
As distant bugles rescue sound,
Or as in deadly chase the speed
Of thirsty bounding fleet grey hound ;
Thus swiftly down the rugged steep
He anxious sped, with scarce a breath,
And hastened to the troubled deep,
To rescue her from threat'ning death.
A moment watched the upset boat,
To which in wild dismay she clung,
He then threw off his cap and coat,
And then into the water sprung.
As warriors vie in bloody strife,
When freedom's sword they fearless draw ;
As pirates fight for threatened life,
In face of death decreed by law ;
E'en thus strove he ; the boat lay rolled
At no great distance from the shore,
The chance was small, her fate seemed told,
The waters poured so madly o'er
The little skiff, that buoyed her form ;
But still she clung with deadly hold,
While raged the black terrific storm,
And breakers leaping wildly rolled.
Just when about to reach, he thinks,
The floating girl, and safely back
To swim with her, oh God ! she sinks
Down in the water rough and black.
He watches now with straining eyes,
In anxious expectation when,
She might above the billows rise,
And give a chance to save again,

Not long the time, yet long it seemed
To him, that waited in suspense
Above the lurid lightning's gleam ;
He caught the boat, a slight defence
Against the madly rolling waves,
And hope is drowned in fell despair,
The chance seems past, the water raves
When lo ! he saw her tender hair ;
And quick to seize it floating, first,
Lest she should sink to rise no more,
He manly looking for the worst
Her firmly held, and swam for shore.
Although the distance was not long,
The breakers to impede him served,
Yet he was active, young and strong,
And hope his strength when failing nerved.
The bottom now is in his reach,
Which though not rocks but sliding sand,
Yet breakers heave upon the beach,
So that in vain he strives to stand ;
The current trips him off his feet,
The breakers wildly o'er him pour,
And dashing on convulsive beat
Him near exhausted on the shore.
He raised her breathless from the ground,
As hanging drooped her beauteous form,
Scarce any signs of life he found
But still her snowy neck was warm.
He wearied standing on the shore
Gazed on her face replete with charms,
So soft, so pale, so mild, so bland,
He stooping gently chafed her arms.
As willow at the fountain weeps,
And bows its drooping branches there,
When midnight dew their foliage steepes ;
Or beauty bent in earnest prayer ;
So she entranced in vision sleeps ;
And as the meteors of the night
Streams down her soft luxuriant hair,
Her parted lips showed teeth so white,
Their purpled dye seemed livid there ;
Her pallid face and neck were traced
By veins, that slept in deadly hue,
As leafy shades are interlaced,

With clustered grapes of deepest blue.
The blood that through those veins had rushed
With current swift, now scarcely crept ;
And life was now in stupor hushed ;
Could she then live, he deemed she slept.
A hateful bruise had marked its tread
Across her snowy bosom pure,
As sleeping snake on flower bed
Reposes midst the sweets secure.
Not long he stood, refreshed he bore
Her home ; his lonely cottage stood
Not far, close by the sea girt shore,
And long had overlooked the flood.
The fearful storm had died away,
The sea rocked slowly on the shore,
The falling rain had cooled the day,
The fragrant breeze passed gently o'er
The freshened earth ; the sky was clear,
Save one black cloud that seemed to shake
Small fleeces, pearly as a tear
From off itself, as at day break
The warrior's steed bounds on the plain,
And snuffing, breathes the fragrant air,
He shakes the dew off of his mane,
And neighs to find the morning there.
She lay now in the hunter's cot,
His mother watching by her side,
Had chafed her till the blood she brought
Back to her face, her eyes ope'd wide,
She seemed bewildered at the scene,
And looking round confused and wild
She asked then where she was ?—had been ?
Then kindly said the dame, “ My child
Fear not, you're with dame Sarah, here ;
My Werna saved you from the deep,
You now are safe, rest then my dear,
You're wearied now, and need to sleep ;
And when your sleep is over, then
Our humble meal with us you'll share,
And then you shall go home again ;
Thy sleep be sweet, my gentle fair.
You, Werna, watch here by her bed,
While I some food for her prepare.
See that she rests.” With careful tread

She left ; she turned her eyes quite slow,
So big, so blue, so mild, and said,
“ To you, brave youth, my life I owe,
Father will bless you, when he knows
His child is safe, ‘twere vain to say
I grateful am.” “ Fair girl, repose ;”
He said, “ when you have slept away
Your weariness, your thanks I’ll hear.”
She grateful looked into his face,
He turned and brushed away a tear ;
His head like that of pensive grace
Inclined, his forehead broad and high
Far over-hanging, deep with thought,
Was fair, and soft as maiden’s eye
When with fond love and pity fraught.
Eyes as deep as violets blue
Looked softly from their lashes hinge,
But oft in thought they darker grew,
As passion gleamed behind their fringe.
His compact brows so well defined
Were darker than his straight soft hair,
And like a wreath their flashes wind
His forehead white as lily fair.
No motion stirred his manly breast,
For all was calm and peaceful now,
No sleep destroyed her wakeful rest,
How sweet to watch his lofty brow,
And drink the draft that soon would wake
A passion fierce, to rack her soul,
A poison sweet, a golden snake,
A power hid beyond control,
That makes us thirsty as we slake
Oft our swift desire at its pool.
Thus swiftly flew the time like light,
In parting perils were forgot,
The Moon had far swam in the night,
Ere Laura found her father’s cot.

THE REPAST.

How slow the time relentless lags
Our fond desires and feelings crosses,
How wretchedly her ear she drags

When by uncertainty we're tossed ;
Then like a wounded snake she trails
Her fretted course o'er stony ground,
Our sickened heart within us fails ,
And surfeits us like festered wound
The thoughts of pleasures long gone by ;
We turn and turn and find no rest,
And wish oft with a listless sigh
That we had ne'er enjoyed their zest.
Since from the deep the Smuggler's child
Had rescued been, from death so near,
The summer bright and glad had smiled
And torn its girdle from the year,
The yellow fall with howling blast,
The winter with its whitening snow
Had sadly over nature passed,
The trees appeared again in blow,
Spring with its glad'ning cheer was rife,
The waters curled the purling streams,
All nature burst refreshed in life,
Like maiden waking from her dreams.
While nature springing gayly smiled
The hunter Werna tilled his farm,
And saddened by a passion wild
His character so frank, so warm
More sombre grew ; in solitude
He lone would stray bound by some spell;
Or often he would sitting brood
On what his father's life befel.
The common talk—that he had died
By Leonard's hand—had reached his ear,
And though his mother often tried
To make him smile, his mind to cheer—
He scarcely when she spoke replied,
But wrapt in thought from home would stray
And ramble through the woods alone,
Thus time passed on day after day.
'Twas spring ! the moon all brightly shone
One eve, when he sad homeward strayed,
In silence wrapt, a solemin hour,
When by the brook he saw a maid
Lone sitting in her open bower,
The moon-beams o'er her features played,
Soft as their rays, a vine entwined

Her bower tree, with blossoms dressed,
'Neath which she sat, or half reclined,
And now and then escaped her breast
A sigh, as soft and deep as sleep.
Her head bows o'er her bosom white,
On which the curls profusely creep,
And from her dress so loose and light
Her slender feet like naiads peep.
He saw her there, and Laura knew,
And was about to forward spring,
Herself she from reclining drew,
And thus he heard her sadly sing:—

SONG.

" By myself I wander alone,
Alone by myself I am here,
Ah, would this fond heart were a stone,
And my thoughts were but as a tear.
Ah would that I never had seen
Thee, Werna, thou beautiful form,
Ah, would that I never had been
Claspt close to thy breast by thy arm,
That saved me, ah, why did it save?
And clasp me, and leave me lone here?
Save me from the wild rolling wave,
That kindly had made me a bier.
How could I live and not know thee?
The blood gushes warm through my heart,
That pants wild, but would it be free
From thy bonds? ah, no, I would start
At myself, as if I were lost
In some lone, some desolate wild,
No, though my sad spirit is tossed,
How sweet is the tempest, how mild?
And thy words how sweetly they fell
From thy lips so soft, as a kiss,
Like tones of a silvery bell
Attuned by the magic of bliss.
Ah! methinks I hear thy voice still,
How fondly it flows through my brain,
Alas, no! it was but the will
That would hear such music again,
Then come to my bower, sweet one!

Then come from thy home by the sea !
Then come when love smiles, not the sun !
My heart is now panting for thee.
Come ! the night her curtain has drawn,
And the stars with languishing eyes
Now smile on the dew sprinkled lawn,
And the night soft whispers in sighs.
Come ! come ! to thy home, to thy rest,
I will watch thee lone in thy sleep,
And pillow thy head on my breast,
And kisses thy slumber shall steep.
And nought shall disturb thy repose,
Thy sleep shall be sweet at the first,
And soft like the bud of the rose
Enwrapt in its leaves ere they burst,
And thy dreams of Heaven shall be,
Sweet music shall sound in thy ears,
Ah, no ! let thy dreams be of me,
Thy music my sighs and my tears.
Then come to this languishing breast !
And stay till the break of the day,
I will watch thee carefully lest,
Some angel should steal thee away.
And when morn has blushed on the sky,
And thou, Werna, waked from thy sleep,
I will bid thee farewell with a sigh,
And, through the lone day I will weep.
Come ! if but one night you can stay,
My lone heart is panting for thee,
The moments are wasting away,
Like ripples that fade on the sea.”
She ceased to sing : no more he heard—
Her silvery tones now faint in sighs,
Like last, the plaintive song of bird
Faints sweetly, when he sings and dies.
She looked upon the mild clear sky,
And then into the glassy stream ;
The waters flowed all calmly by,
No sound disturbed her wakeful dream;
Then said, “ thus onward ever flow
Thy peaceful waters gentle rill,
The flowers on thy banks that grow,
Thy murmurs and meanders still
Untiring lead thee from thy source

Into the bosom of the sea :
So ever, ever, is the course
Of thoughts and feelings fond from me
To Werna, on, still on, the same ;
I sleep of him to dream so sweet,
I wake to tremble at his name,
If I were dust beneath his feet.
Her lips still murmured as in prayer,
Her head sunk on her heaving breast,
That seemed to rock it softly there
With love and lovers care oppressed.
He stood behind a shaded tree,
One only thought entranced his soul,
“ Then can it be that she loves me ! ”
Himself he scarcely could control
From rushing where she pensive lay,
A better thought flits through his mind .
Before he went a while to stay,
As if he chanced her there to find.
So delicately he preferred
To save her feelings, then to rush,
Nor let her know that he had heard :
He shot then from behind the brush,
And ran as if to find a bird.
She started, as he onward rushed,
And fluttered, as she saw him stand
At heart, then stepping forward blushed,
And trembled as she gave her hand.
“ I hope my presence don’t intrude,
It was an owl at which I shot
You seem quite fond of solitude,
I too am glad, I found this spot.”
“ And I was thinking when you came
Of you, how long it seems to me
Since first I heard, pronounced your name,
Yes, then you saved me from the sea.”
“ Generous, noble girl, how frank !
How kind ! to think of me at all.”
“ Not so ! of him I have to thank
For life, for hope ; you never call,
Father asks often after you,
And why you, Werna, shun our cot,
Now Werna come ! and see us do !
We would be kind ; our humble lot

Affords not much to tempt you there ;
If time, e'er drags his course along
I fain would soften any care,
By singing you a cotter's song.
But then you seem so happy, free,
So kind a home you have, I fear
The hospitality that we
Could offer you, would tire, not cheer." "
" No, Laura ! stay ! you are too hard ;
And now, to prove that you are wrong,
This very night I'll share your board,
And listen to a cotter's song."
" How kind to come ! How bright the night !
The moon her silver mantle throws
Around, (like gossamer so light,)
And every star that twinkling glows,
Seems smiling in its gladsome flight."
Thus they conversed, as on they went,
The careless time flew swiftly by,
And cloudless as the night, that bent
Its silvery clearness o'er the sky.
And now they reached the Smuggler's cot,
Then Laura, artless as a child,
Said, " Father I have Werna brought,
We met down in my bower wild."
The old man came the youth to meet ;
" My boy, you'r always welcome here !
Come ! Laura, bring your friend a seat ;
Brave youth, you'll join us in our cheer.
Why did you never call before ?
Go, Laura, bring the oldest wine,
That I have had ten years in store,
To break a bottle first be thine,
My child, since it was stored for thee
A present for a birth day feast—
If brought by other hands to me,
It stale would be, thy guest at least
Deserves to taste the first, ah ! more ; "
She cast a lingering look behind,
Then fairy like she tripped the floor,
And left the room the wine to find.
She soon returned ; the wine was there,
The glasses filled by Laura's hand,
A health was pledged first to the fair ;

Old Leonard rough was almost bland,
 And Cola's gloomy sombre face
 Relaxed its sternness for a while,
 His cold black eye gave pleasure place,
 And stooped to sparkle in a smile.
 The eagle eye of Nina fixed
 So oft in thought, was softened too.
 And Leonard, as the wine he mixed
 And drank more gay and cheerful grew.
 But Baldwin, pensive all the while,
 Sat in the corner lone, nor tried
 To join the glee; no gladsome smile
 His features traced. He Werna eyed;
 Then Werna spoke: " You promised me
 A song, kind Laura, when I came,
 Ah! let its tones be sweet like thee,
 So sad, so gay, so wild, so tame."
 " Yes, Werna, I will sing for thee."
 She her guitar then brought and strung,
 And like the lone bird, wild and free,
 She sweetly, softly, sadly sung :

SONG.

"The day is weary,
 The night comes on
 The thoughts are dreary,
 When light is gone.

The nightingale sings her song in the air,
 And soaring she flits like hope in despair,
 And weariness sleep and dreams of its care,
 Oh! come to our cot, so lonely and still;
 Yes stranger, then come! our banquet is peace,
 Nor return to thy home friendly until
 Night shades of summer its slumbers shall cease,
 Oh! drink of our wine! and taste of our fare!
 A welcome is still awaiting on thee
 And with thee an eye is longing to share
 A glance of thy ken, so noble and free,
 When time is flying
 Alone with thee,
 A maid is sighing,
 Nor would be free.

Then whispering treams are flowing on clear,

Birds are now singing as journey they near,
 And love faintly breathes or smiles in a tear.
 Come ! ere the morning has beconed away,
 The angel of night, love, silence and sighs,
 Then come ! ere the day has led thee to stray
 From her that is loving with languishing eyes.
 Come then, while pity and love move the heart,
 Come, ere their softness in business is gone;
 Ah ! come to our cot, nor may you depart,
 Till the sky-roses are blushing at dawn.”

Then Baldwin, when the song was done,
 Rose from his seat ; he then drew near
 To Werna ; he looked, and thus begun :
 “ I like to sing, you love to hear
 My Nina sings, she sings so sweet,
 And then you look so kind when near,
 Your eyes too soften when they meet,
 My Nina loves you : (Werna blushed
 And looked confused down on the floor,
 His fumbled coat he listless crushed,)
 “ Why did you never come before,
 I like so much your big blue eyes,
 I like your face, it is so fair,
 Your hair looks soft, how smooth it lies,
 I’d like to put my fingers there
 And know if it like Laura’s feels,
 Those golden locks,—her silver curls,
 That softly on her shoulders steal,
 And shining like the sea-shore pearls
 I used to pick up on the shore ;
 And then your voice is soft and deep
 Your forehead white bows gently o’er,
 Like Nina’s, when she goes to sleep ;
 When, Werna, will you come again ?
 But, Laura, may I sing my song ?
 I sing it as the waves complain,
 So sad at morn, it is not long,
 Say ! Laura, say.” “ Yes, you may sing,
 If you’ll be good and go to bed,
 Now Baldwin you may go and bring
 Your chair,” (the boy then bowed his head,)
 “ And here by me come place your seat.”
 The boy smiled, brought his chair, and sung

So melancholy, yet so sweet,
Like turtle cheers its famished young,
When dying hungry at her feet,
So wildly, sweetly, sadly rung
His voice, and tremulous like rain,
Yet thrilling as the bow just strung,
To wing a piercing shaft of pain,
And tender, touching, as remorse
At sight of bleeding victim nigh,
When sorrow wails upon the corse,
And conscience feels its farewell sigh.

SONG.

“ The night winds are sigbing,
The embers are dying,
My spirit is hieing
To the land of the free,
Like a wreck on the sea ;
My blood is now chilling,
With thoughts that are killing
Their victim—ah, me !
But morn will be breaking,
While sleepers are waking
And others are quaking,
For they think of the deed,
And at which their hearts bleed,
Sorely ground by the weight,
They now feel, but too late,
It is bitter indeed.
The day is fast ending,
While sorrows are blending,
My body is bending
With sore grief to the earth,
Ah ! that gave me birth,
But my spirit on high,
Will soar off to the sky,
Like a vision of mirth.”

He ceased his breathings sad as prayer,
His eyes he upward cast, the blight
Of mind looked mournful from their stare,
Then turned away, and said “ good night : ”
The midnight shades had cheerful passed,

The moon had far advanced her wane,
 When Werna asked a song, the last
 Before he left for home again,
 They all had gone : then Laura cast
 Her loving glance, so soon to end,
 While solemn silence reigned around,
 She sung, the lattice whisper blend
 Sweet mellow sighs with every sound.

SONG.

" How short is the night,
 Like sweetness of mirth,
 How swift is the flight
 Of pleasure from earth ;
 The moon is reclining,
 And softly is shining,
 The night bird has gone to her rest,
 The stars will soon fade in the West,
 And earth shall awake from its sleep
 Life o'er its breast stealing shall creep,
 As waves steal along on the deep.
 Then peace to the friend,
 While life eurrent flows,
 And on thee descend,
 Like dew on the rose,
 Sweet pleasures unending,
 With loveliness blending.
 Then sweet be thy rest, like the sleep
 Of the fawn lone by its dam on the steep,
 When night shades are melted and gone,
 And smiles clothe the roseate lawn,
 Then arise as fresh as the dawn."

They near the lattice stand, nor speak,
 His hands rests on her neck like air,
 His breath played o'er her lily cheek
 So pale, one rosy tint was there,
 For soft and light a kiss did sleep,
 Like rose leaf throws its tender look
 From bush into the glassy deep
 Of some still moon-wrapt crystal brook.
 " And morn will wake, and you must go,
 And we must part, and I alone

Shall be, and you must leave, ah, no !
Dear Cola, I am sadder grown,
Morn's fresh soft breeze plays sickly o'er
With thrilling touch, my fevered cheek,
There see, now how the blushes soar
High up the sky, they seem to seek
My sorrow, how night fondly clings
To all that's good or lovely here,
To all the scenes wrapt pleasure brings ;
The moments sadder sweeter grow,
And oh ! we may not meet again.
How faint the morning air now blows,
That blends our breath, delicious pain."
" My Laura, time draws to a close,
And I must go, yes, we must part ; "
He kissed her cheek, as pale as death,
" Our parting rends my aching heart,"
The last soft kiss slept from his breath.

'Twas eve, in Laura's open bower,
'Twas calm, the deep soft blushing sky
And silent birds told that the hour
Of rest and peace, and love drew nigh.
In east a silvered cloud lay rolled,
And now the heavens fainter grew,
Assuming shades of burnished gold,
While slowly fell the evening dew,
And all around was hushed and still,
As fast approached the sullen night,
Until the distant whip-poor-will
His discant sung, in fitful flight,
'Twas a glorious summer eve,
So blue, so roseate, so fair ;
When flowers their sweet fragrance leave,
And dewy scent the flaunted air.
The tender blue arched sky above,
The babbling brook and whispering breeze,
Had pointed out the time for love,
As evening sighs breathed midst the trees.
The night shades draw their curtain round
As Werna sat by Laura's side,
An echo waked at every sound,

Then in the vale it resting died.
The morn up rose in ether high,
The spangling stars the heavens throng,
And mantle o'er the ceaseless sky ;
The night bird waked his solemn song,
The breeze again had died away,
The moonbeams had o'er streamlet played,
But now calm on its surface lay,
Like eyelids of the sleeping maid,
Soft on her crystal eyes wrapt stay.
Then Werna looking downwards there,
Drank from her eyes their limpid beams.
His brow so soft, so smooth, so fair,
Stooped over her ; her hair soft streams,
Her melting blue deep luscious eyes
Were softened by the lashes fair,
And upward swam their lustrous dyes,
Like floating seas of liquid air ;
Her forehead high, in softness white,
Was scarcely darkened by the fringe,
So silky were her brows, so light
That hardly did their colour tinge ;
That waxen brow, like summer sky,
So soft and pure, so placid, smooth,
The swimming fire lit in her eye,
They seemed to melt, and kindly soothe ;
So gently heaved her bosom's swell
Above her heart's slight throbbing beat,
Like angels wings, that love to dwell,
When hovering on the mercy-seat.
Her slender hand was linked in his,
And wreathed her fingers round his grasp,
There tingled love in youthful kiss,
As leaves of flowers fold their clasp,
So lightly touched her shoulder bare
His fingers with convulsive thrill,
So softly flowed her golden hair,
Like water gushing from the rill.
Her lips were parted by the sighs
That 'scaped in heaven to dwell,
Like incense to the stooping skies,
That bend to drink its fragrant smell.
And now their lips each other pressed.
And mingled warm their raptured blood,

Like waters leaping from the breast
Of two cooped seas with bursting flood.
So mingled there their sighs, their love
In youthful purity, like snow
When first it falls from sky above,
And still they kissed, their hearts were twined
Like two chaste flowers sweetly cling,
Their thoughts were as one common mind,
Like mirth and bloom in bursting spring.
And love clasped them to her resigned,
Like when the moon with liquid arms
Clasps in its rays the ceaseless skies,
Folds in its breast their melting charms
And stars that look with longing eyes.
With mellow voice he pledged his plight,
And asked her love, his accents bland
Were like the whispers of the night,
That kindly kiss the cradled strand,
When mildly on the fainting surf,
The gentle ripple floats and fades,
Or morning breath upon the turf
Sighs softly midst the tender blades.
Her heart's response first in her eyes
Serenely spoke, as morning light
When meekly o'er the sky it lies,
As calmly darkness fades from sight:
And then replied with sweetest voice,
And soft as drop of falling tear,
When angels weep with blest rejoice,
So mellow, but like music clear :
" Ah ! Werna, when the solemn sleep
Of night has stolen upon this mind,
As shades of darkness sadly creep
Now o'er 'the earth, whose eyes are blind' ;
I then have dreamed that you were near,
And floating in a folded cloud,
As depth of joy smiles in a tear,
A tear that veils it as a shroud ;
Methought you looked and smiled on me,
A tremor o'er me rapturous spread,
Light, soft and sweet as extacy,
And thrilling ere its presence fled ;
My heart's calm burst was clinging stilled,
Like fluttering pulse as faints the dead,

As fairies on a flower bed,
Breathe music with winged echoed flame,
Light panting in each flower's leaf,
And there embracing folded tears
Of balmy dew, as sweet as brief,
Like hanging hopes from folded fears.
The nectar crowned deep air I breathed
Me fed, like morn's effulgent cheers
Burst o'er the lawn with flowers wreathed,
My thoughts on wings of liquid light
Rode swiftly on the world of bliss,
Outriding still its swiftest sight,
As light outstrips the morning kiss.
My leaping blood laughed through my veins,
Like mellow odours ache the brain,
A tingling sense, with sweet swift pains,
Fleet like silvery trembling rain.
Then you drew near, and nearer still,
So near, e'en that your breath so sweet,
Spread o'er my face, like sudden chill
Of kisses from the lips that greet
Death's lover with wild ebbing thrill,
As life falls wingless at his feet.
And then, methought, you sweetly spoke,
And such a speech! soft, bland and low,
As harmony from silence woke,
In music's soothing, limpid flow.
My ears then bending fondly bled
To listen to the visioned sound,
As when the night from earth has fled,
And morning life its sleep has wound,
When, then, the eager lark swift soars
High o'er the golden clouds of dew,
When rapture thick its nectar pours
Out o'er the sky of lavish blue,
He thirsty floats to quaff the morn,
His wings still plumed in cloudless flight,
High as the mount of endless scorn,
And gay as grief that feigns delight.
I eager listened to each strain
That wrapt me in its mellow sound,
As floods of light burst o'er the plain
And circle in their arms the ground,
You told me of a land of love,

Where living spirits never die,
And pointed to the sky above,
Then methought that heaven on high
Burst on my sight, and angels fair,
With voices thrilling deep and bland,
Their long, their streaming golden hair,
Like sunbeams gleaming on the sand.
Their wings hung loosely by their side,
Specked with many a feathered gem,
Their breasts heaved as the rolling tide,
And each clear echo seemed to stem
Their pulse thrilled bosom's fond control,
That swelling sweetly rolled away,
Then whisp'ring o'er my fevered soul,
It slept, as prayers from saints that pray.
But then I looked again, and you
Had fled ; methought I died ; I woke,
And found myself as now I do,
Alone," (she trembled as she spoke,)
" Yet not as now, for you are here.
Yes ! here to love, or do I dream
Some vain deceit, I almost fear
That what I hear, I only seem
To hear ; " her head sunk on his breast
And fondly gazing in his eyes,
Her tender sighs now told the rest.
The moonbeams o'er the ceaseless skies
Float on, the earth they sadly trace
Serenely with their pallid dyes,
As death smiles faint on infant's face.

THE SONG.

The wedding day was fixed upon,
And when to-morrow's morn had blushed,
And night her curtain had withdrawn,
Fair Laura to young Werna flushed
With hope, then was to have been joined
In love, in happiness, blest hour !
But jealous fate too soon elogned
The vail, the bond that had the power
To bind them thus. All nature seems
Enwrapt in gloom, the clouds that lower,

Are dark on Laura as she dreams,
The stars that through her lattice shine—
The moon that wraps, the wreath that crowns
Her brow so waxen so divine—
Seem sadly smiling midst the frowns,
That on her snowy brow dare stay,
Her pouting lips move troubled now :
The cloud that wrapt soon broke away,
And placid peace soft wreathes her brow,
While on her face sweet smiles faint play.
A cloud enshrouds the moon, its dinge
Shades wildly Laura's dusky room,
The door turns slowly on its hinge,
And midst the darkness and the gloom,
A form, like spectre clad, appears,
It stands, then lightly treads the floor,
Then stops as it her bed side nears,
And stooping bends slow, softly o'er
Her sleeping form ; a cap jet black
Sits on its brow, than moon more pale,
Its curling hair fell loosely back,
Its slender limbs to bear it fail,
Its meagre face wears shades of death,
Its hollow eyes now kindly stare,
It stooping lower holds its breath,
And watches still the sleeping fair.
How sorrow from those fearful eyes
Soft touching looks, how sadly do
The breathings from that bosom rise !
As does the moon the clouds peep through,
The tender smiles pass gently o'er
Its face, again a shudder creeps
Along the nerves ; from every pore
Drops sweat, as from the eye that weeps
The hot salt tears. Its peaked chin
Was beardless smooth, the bony hand
Light touched her hair, those lips so thin
And pale then kissed her brow, a note
That hand then dropped close by her cheek,
The form stood straight, its curls soft float,
As blew the gentle breeze, a streak
Of rosy hue those pale lips traced ;
It lightly treads the noiseless floor,
A shadow trembling closely chased ;

'Twas Baldwin closed fair Nina's door.
Yes ! Laura, sleep, now rest in peace !
Night sullen holds earth in her lap,
For morn will come and quick release
The frowns of fate, thy bloom to sap ;
Rest on ! the beasts are gone to rest
Thy lover dreams, (extatic joy)
But sighs shall soon awake his breast
To drink the draughts that shall destroy.
Ah, Laura ! yes, you now may sleep
While clouds black gather o'er your head,
A fire burns as volcano deep :
Lies smothered in its hateful bed.
'Tis sweet to sleep (ah, coiled despair !)
Thy sleep be sweet ! as in the rose
The dew drop sleeps midst odors there ;
At morn the wind destruction blows,
The dew drop vanishes in air.
No trouble now disturbs thy rest,
For nature's quiet in her gloom,
The young birds lie wrapped in their nest,
The rose that in the night with bloom
That dew drops in its soft sweet crest,
That morning moisture shall consume.—

The moon her nightly course had run,
All nature silent, hushed to rest,
To wake in stirring life begun,
And far off in the distant west
The sky assumed a garb of grey ;
While as the night shades slowly waned,
The east was blushing into day,
So sleeping earth her life regained.
Across the grassy mead was seen
A youthful stripling, walking fast,
And as he traced the dewy green,
His eyes he often backward cast,
As if afraid his way to lose,
Or that some one would find him out,
To stay his journey then might choose,
So often did he turn about.

Before this way he far had gone
The rising sun the woods peeped through,
And on the vale he gladly shone,
And quaffed the fragrant morning dew ;
The birds their songs now waked in mirth,
Or swiftly o'er the valley flew ;
The night renewed and fragrant earth
Was calm, and glad, and fresh, and new.
The hectic flush upon his face
Lit up his features wan and fair,
And as he quickened now his pace,
He seemed to tread the balmy air.
Yet stopping, he would thinking stand ;
While glories now the sky adorn,
O'er earth as softly they expand,
When thus he whispered to the morn,
“ See ! how the sun with floating eye
Looks o'er the east's soft sleepy blue !
The earth drinks up each mellow die
Upon my vain traced throbbing frame,
As does the grass the tender dew.
And how the sunbeams kiss the earth !
Mild and glad as sister's kiss,
All nature's joyous as the birth
Of morn of life, when it with bliss
Burst from eternity to wake
Earth's still myriads from their sleep.
How yellow clouds now roll and break !
As golden waves upon the deep.”
He ceased, and then approached the wood,
From whose thick shades emerged two men,
He halted then, and breathless stood,—
Then wildly at them gazed, and then
Pursued again his onward way,
Until the two approaching neared,
And then he stopped ; without delay
A note he gave, and disappeared.
The youth the seal then quickly broke,
Its contents he as soon had read ;
As if from dreaming he awoke,
Or as if risen from the dead,
His ruddy face turned pale and sad,
His trembling knees too now failed him,
The other wondering what had

On Werna come, asked, " what ailed him ? "

He trembling still, replied in gloom :

" Oh wretched fate ! oh wild despair !

Thou hast undone ! Oh dreadful doom ! "

And then he wildly tore his hair,

" The sun of peace to this sad breast

Is set in wasting sorrows sore,

Not as the sun sets in the west,

To rise, mine sets to rise no more.

Farewell to blissful peace of mind !

Farewell to hope of happy life !

Ah why was I so mad, so blind ?

My burning bosom cease thy strife !

Stern justice wakes me from the sleep,

That long has held me in its chains,

And coldly bids me truthful keep

The vow I paid my father's manes.

Thou giver of my wretched life,

Alas ! thy debt is dearly paid !

And thou ! that would'st have been my wife

In innocence—dear peerless maid !

Thy wicked father's bloody deed—

Thy brother's heedless sin at last

Will cause thy guileless heart to bleed,

While weeping virtue stands aghast.

And thou must be an orphan too

By me, how dreadful is the thought,

But justice sternly bids me do

The crushing deed I fain would not ;

I act, but oh ! I act with dread,

Thy father's sins must never rest

On thy devoted, faultless head,

Nor wound with want thy guileless breast.

Forgive me ! thou devoted one !

Mild Laura ! charmer of my life !

Alas ! when justice has been done,

Then thou shalt be my all, my wife.

But this is not the time to talk,

Lo, vengeance call us to her aid !

While wicked men unpunished stalk.

Forthwith a warrant must be made,

And Leonard with his wretched son,

Be seized. But where is Baldwin ? where ? "

The other said, "The boy has gone,
Strange that he would not even spare
His father from the gallows' shame."
" 'Tis strange indeed, that heedless thus
He should destroy his father's name,
But crazed, he knows not what he does."
" But, Werna, while we talking stay,
Untiring time swift wings his flight."
Then turning round they made their way
Across the woods with footsteps light.

The sunbeams through the lattice peeped,
When health from Laura slumbers shook,
The vines with dew-drops fragrant steeped,
Glance softly back each tender look ;
Their tendrils round the lattice cling,
The flowers raise their dew drooped heads,
And through the air their odours fling,
Sweet as forgiveness ; lightly spreads
The balm of rose with crimson hue,
And vieing with the colors soft
Of morning glories, blithe and blue,
They archly raise their heads aloft.
The insect, humming, gayly sings,
And creeping in the flower's leaf,
There buried, now its bud he stings,
Whose life than his is far more brief.
The birds perched on the willow high,
Now carol forth their mellow notes,
That breathing in the valleys die,
The sky-lark in cerulean floats ;
As Laura on her couch reclined,
Her hand deep buried in her hair,
Whose floating curls thick wreathing wind
Her arching neck, so white, so bare ;
How gently heaves her bosom's beat,
Her hopes are peace, her thoughts are blithe,
And like the flowers' odour sweet,
And like her neck, are pure and lithe.
Her dewy eye from sleep, serene

Looks from the lashes silky fold,
And scanning now the morning scene,
Drinks lustre from the tears of gold.
Still peeping from the lattice bars,
Soft as the waters deep unfold
In summer's eve, the floating stars;
A fly lights on her arm so round,
And stings the tender lily skin;
The white soon blushes round the wound,
The blood pinks now the texture thin;
She gently starting at the smart,
Looks down to brush the fly away,
The blood rushed warmly through her heart,
As there she saw a letter lay.
She broke the seal, the note she read,
The letter from her hand then dropped;
A pallor o'er her features spread,
The rushing blood its current stopped;
Her face sunk on her pillow white,
But not so white as was her cheek,
The lustre fled her eyes so bright,
They ope'd, she heard her father speak.
" Why Laura, child ! the morning wakes :
Why slumber here ? The merry bird
With joyous songs the silence breaks,
The breeze the dew from glass has stirred."
And then he saw, " What ails the child ?
Why ! what has scared my Laura ? say !
Your cheeks are pale, your eyes are wild."
She pointed to the note that lay
Unfolded on the snow white bed;
The father's face grew deadly pale
As he the fatal letter read;
His brow grew dark ; " Now what avail
Is promise made by crazy fool ?
Enough ! I'm sick, to think that I
Have by that boy been made a tool.
But Laura, we will have to fly,
Where's Baldwin ? gone ! I recollect !
Before this time he will have peached.
My fond, my rising hopes are wrecked."
His face was pale as linen bleached,
" What most you value quick collect
Remember ! Laura, no delay !

I'll Cola find, and ere has sped
The sun, far on his daily way,
No hate shall track our distant tread.

One hour had swept its restless flight
From time. On one short hour has hung
How oft the fate of nations ; fright
From breast of joy has fiercely sprung
In one short hour ; the bow just strung
Is broken now with shattered dart ;
The hopes that like fair flowers hung
Are fled ; with life the beating heart
Is now by pain and sorrow wrung,
The eye that laughs feels not the smart
Of scorn, hurl'd back in one short hour,
The friends that meet, how soon they part ;
The trees that to the heavens tower,
Now lie beneath the brambles tread,
Torn by the fell tornado's power,
That doomed their fall, with vigour fled ;
While neath the tender drooping flower
The adder hid, now safely sleeps,
Till stalk be bent by careless youth,
The adder, hurling poison, leaps
And pierces him with deadly tooth.
The veins that swelled with life and blood,
The last, their palest drop have drained,
And time men dooms with ceaseless flood,
Ere they have honour's laurels gained.
The angels that in heaven stood,
How soon from happiness they fell !
And vaunting pride against their God,
He swiftly hurled them down to hell.
The Smugglers fled ; one hour had passed ;
The breeze o'er valley faintly plays,
The sun his fierce bright beams now cast
On wakened earth, like eagle's gaze.
Just where the river wide diverged
From forest wild, in valley clear,
The Smugglers' from the woods emerged ;

But men have crossed the river here,
And now they rest their dripping oar :
The Smugglers now the hill descend ;
The others trace the winding shore,
And watch the Smugglers as they wend
Their way along the valley green ;
But Leonard saw the other men,
And fierce exclaimed, " By G-d, we're seen."
Then quickly turned to fly again ;
The others shout and bid him stand ;
While Laura fainted at his feet ;
He heedless of their stern command
Her seized, as if he would retreat.
Then Cola stood, and Nina too,
To help. One arm round Laura locked
Old Leonard then a pistol drew,
The other hand the pistol cocked,
And as the others neared, he flashed
The pistol, primed and flashed again,
The pistol on the ground he dashed,
As Nina fled across the plain,
With Cola close, the fatal spot
The others neared ; and on them call
To stop, but Cola heard them not.
They called again, then shot,—a ball
Pierced Nina's breast,—she bleeding fell,
Then raised her eyes and faintly said :
" Resist them not,—'tis just as well,—
I die,—farewell ! " and dropped her head.
" Another time this would me freeze,
And they for this should dearly pay
With blood ; " then dropping on his knees,
He o'er her leaned, as if to pray ;
The others onward came ; " She bade
Me not resist, I must comply.
Ah, Nina, death my shame has hid !
Good bye, my Nina ! I must die,
Thy grave will kind afford thee rest ;
We, Nina, never more shall part."
He drew a dagger from his breast ;
Kissed her, and plunged it in his heart.
Old Leonard had laid down his child,
And drawn his sabre from its sheath,
Undaunted, as he stood he smiled,

And hurled defiance in their teeth ;
He looked as if to eke his life.
One sternly said, " lay down your sword."
He placed his foot for deadly strife,
Then scowled, nor answered him a word.
" Old man, now yield ! the odds are great,"
He said again, then passive stood,
Said Leonard, sneering, " cease your prate,
My sword thirsts for your boyish blood,
Come on ! you I will cordial greet,
And ere old time has farther trod,
I'll leave you bleeding at my feet
A lifeless corpse upon the sod."
Their lifted swords on high then flashed,
The youth, too quick for Leonard now,
His wrinkled forehead deeply gashed ;
The blood in torrents from his brow
Flowed freely down, he staggered back
And fell ; the other paused, and said,
" A pity that brave wretch should lack
An honest heart, poor wretch ! he's dead."
Old Leonard scowled in deathly gloom,
One ghastly smile flashed o'er his face,
As in the closing darkened tomb,
When through a narrow gaping space,
The last, the fading ray of light
Gleams flashing, shortly to expire,
No more to shine, thus gleamed the spite,
The fell, the last, the lone desire
To hurl to death his fellow man,
Across his face ; he closed his eyes
To dupe his foe into his plan,
And then to take him by surprise.
The other, stooping, raised his head,
As if to know was life apart,
His gaping wound profusely bled,
When Leonard stabbed him to the heart.
He then beside the Smuggler sank,
Who breathed his last,—a very fiend—
In deeds of sin he deep had drank,
He died a wretch,—the Smuggler's end.
And there he lay in death's embrace,
As firm and hardened as the stone ;
A scowl was on his bloody face,

Nor did he breathe a dying groan.
One brawny hand his sword still grasped,
That glittered in the sun's bright ray,
The other just as fiercely clasped,
The bloody sod on which he lay.
His eyes were glazed, so lately fired
With hate; while as he loosed his grip,
A vengful curse had just expired,
Vindictive, on his deadly lip.
His wrinkled face, so harsh and stern,
Unflinching, fierce defiance spoke
To law of God and man, by him
Despised, and often by him broke.
But Laura, who had swooned before
The fray began, saw not the fight,
But now she waked; her father's gore—
His wound stared ghastly on her sight.
She turned away, then looked once more,
Her starting eyes glared wild with fright;
She frenzied rushed to where he lay,
Kneeled by his side, gazed on his face,
Then with her hand she wiped away
The blood, then clasped with wild embrace
His helpless form, then looked, then strained
Him to her breast, and kissed him o'er
And o'er, till clotted blood had stained
Her hueless lips; then rose once more,
And pointing to the wound she said,
"My father lives! time shall restore
His life! he breathes, he is not dead!
Look at the hateful gash! ah, how
The oozing blood streams from the wound.
What tore that gap? who gashed his brow?
Where is the wretch? ah, where?" She swooned.
At distance Werna stayed behind,
Conflicting still with bitter grief,
Who, though he had a feeling mind,
Was sensitive as aspen leaf
That trembles in the slightest breath,
But brave as ever falchion drew,
And would have shaken hands with death,
As cordial as a brother true,
If need had been; but now he stood
And ruthful viewed them as they fought,

Nor mingled with the scene of blood,
 His troubled mind was near distraught
 With sense of duty and with grief.
 Remembrance of his kindred's fate
 Scarce weighed with him. But to be brief,
 He saw her fall, and all too late
 He rushed to raise her from the ground,
 Where half she lay in frenzy's maze,
 And wildly looked upon the wound
 That gashed his head with frightful gaze,
 And then again would madly rave,
 Again would cling with fond embrace,
 Implore them then (for her) to save
 Her father's life, or her to slay.
 Her pallid cheeks with blood were smeared,
 Her tears that gushed had dried away,
 Her glossy hair in gore all bleared
 Loose on her dabbled shoulders hung.
 They stood amazed, nor said a word :
 Her hands in frenzy now she wrung,
 Till Werna spoke,—then Laura heard,
 She turned her head, she saw his form,
 Her madness passed, like winnowed chaff
 Before the blast, the frenzied storm
 Was changed into an idiot's laugh.

The crazy boy had Werna left,
 And hid himself behind the wood,
 And lonely there, of sense bereft,
 He pensive, troubled, gazing stood.
 There watched the day advance and wane,
 The sun in glory peaceful set ;
 The moon up rose, and then again
 As nature slept the young cadet,
 While smiled the stars in Heaven's dome,
 While mildly breathed the midnight air,
 Then watchful made his way for home—
 The seat of loss and fell despair ;—
 And fearful watching, crept around
 The lonely vine-clad wall all grey,
 He at the slightest, softest sound,
 Would start, like timid hare at bay,

When chased and weary she deploys,
And fearful stands of eager hound,
Starts trembling at the distant noise,
And then makes off with rapid bound.
He saw that all so still was lone,
And then content he left the spot,—
For ever left his boyhood's home,—
Walked to the sea, then, wrapt in thought,
Unmoored his boat, in which he sat,
And gayly plied the sweeping oar,
As if with gladsome hope elate.
As swift he winged it from the shore,
No stirring sound was heard beside
The car's that crisped the wave ;
No breeze disturbed the sleeping tide,
The moonbeams to the ocean gave
A polish on the waters black,
The smiling stars down in the deep
Send sparkling, softly, gleaming back
The glance that left them there to sleep.
He whispered to himself a while,
As bland as summer's midnight air,
And now and then a passing smile
Played softly on his features fair,
And then he washed his hands so thin,
So white, so pale, so bloodless now,
As if to wipe from them all sin,
And then he pressed his pallid brow,
That seemed with anxious care to ache,
And then escaped a stifled sigh,
As if his wounded heart would break ;
He threw upon the starry sky
One long, one straining, tearful glance,
As if to scan the melting whole,
As if he spell-bound in a trance
Would pour out all his troubled soul.
And thus his eyes there tearful raised
Now seemed to bear his soul on high,
And thus a moment tearful gazed
Upon the starry, liquid sky,
And then into the glassy sea,
He wishful looked with longing eyes ;
And plunging in, for ever free,
He sunk in life no more to rise.

Watch ! stranger ; on the ocean's shore !
The scene has been distort with fright,
The sea birds scream when storm is o'er,
Or on the breakers frothy, light.
The winds upon the beach have cast
A wreck that long has bleaching lain,
A maid sits on the shattered mast,
And watching earnestly the main,
She seems to look as if the last
Dread look would soon tear from her eye
The sight. Lone maid ! what eyes thou hast !
They, straining, scan the melting sky :
Then mutters she, alas ! she's mad,
See ! how she stares ! that bony hand
Points to the south, the east, the west,
And then marks on the sea-washed sand,
Ah ! now she strikes her aching breast,
She listens oft, she shakes her head,
She plays now with her crooked staff,
That trifling thought again has fled,
She grins now with a silly laugh.
Or should you at the close of day,
When nature lulled is calm and mild,
Down by the cottage lonely stray,
You there would see like playful child,
The crazy girl with floating hair,
Now talking to herself, again
She looks around with stupid stare,
Or listens to some simple strain
Of old dame Mary's, now she moans,
Or it may be you there will hear
The deep, pathetic, mellow tones
Of Werna's voice as you come near.

SONG.

Rest thee ! thou art weary ! oh, do not complain
Nor awake till the morning breaks on thee again,
Why moan in thy slumbers ? what disturbs thee, fair one ?
Are thy visions of scenes that have thee undone ?

Of Heaven then dream,
Where joys await thee,
Its glories now beam,
Thy soul shall be free.

What heaves now thy bosom ? is it pain ? is it care ?
Thy reason is shaken by the fall of despair,
Ah ! why are thy sighs so convulsive ? so deep ?
They are rending thy bosom, dream not in thy sleep.

Oh could I once see
One smile on thy face,
I happy would be,
To think of thy peace.

Could tears from thy memory blot the fell stain,
My tears should be flowing, while my heart aches in vain,
But alas ! for thy thoughts, they are dark, they are drear,
The sun of thy happiness thee never shall cheer.

Ah, why is it so ?
Ah, why do you weep ?
Shall nothing but woe
Come over thy sleep ?

Rest, Laura, not long shall the darkness of night
Hang over thy reason, nor thy happiness blight,
For angels are waiting, are hovering nigh,
And beckon my Laura to her home in the sky.

Then peace to thy sleep,
And sweet be thy rest,
Thy slumbers be deep,
Thy visions be blest.

This heart feels thy sorrow, with agony bleeding,
As memory's canker now on me is feeding !
While deep in thy bosom is the wound that it gave
That will heal in thy breast, when thou shalt sleep in the grave.

Then thou shalt rejoice,
No dream shall convulse,
When hushed is thy voice,
And still is thy pulse.

THE END.